ed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London 1779

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN POMFRET.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

If Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chuſe my method how to live----
Near ſome fair town I'd have a private ſeat,
Built uniform ; not little, nor too great----
I'd have a clear and competent eſtate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great----
I'd have a little vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt wines each vintage could afford----
I'd chuſe two friends, whoſe company would be
A great advance to my felicity----
Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd chuſe
(For who would ſo much ſatisfaction loſe
As witty nymphs in converſation give?)
Near ſome obliging modeſt fair to live.----

THE CHOICE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN POMFRET.

CONTAINING HIS

CHOICE,
PROSPECT OF DEATH,
REASON,
LAST EPIPHANY,
DIVINE ATTRIBUTES,
ELEAZAR'S LAMENTAT.

&c. &c. &c.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword——
If Heav'n a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty, live——
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave:
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

THE CHOICE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE LIFE OF

JOHN POMFRET.

Few anecdotes concerning this poet have been tranſmitted to poſterity; and therefore the reader cannot expect a circumſtantial detail either of the incidents of his life, which probably were but few, and even theſe not of much importance, nor an elaborate diſcuſſion of the merit of his writings. That he was a pious good man is a truth ſufficiently eſtabliſhed from his poems, and will further appear from the following ſhort narrative, dated in the 1724, which is all we have been able to collect relative to this poet or his works.

The two pieces, Reaſon, and *Dies Noviſſima*, are the only Poetical Remains of the Rev. Mr. Pomfret; and were lately found, among ſome other of his papers of a private nature, in the cuſtody of an intimate friend.

The firſt of them, entitled Reaſon, was wrote by him in the year 1700, when the debates concerning the doctrine of the Trinity were carried on with ſo much heat by the clergy, one againſt another, that King William was obliged to interpoſe his royal authority, by putting an end to that pernicious controverſy, through an act of parliament, ſtrictly forbidding any perſons whatſoever to publiſh their notions on this ſubject. It is, indeed, a ſevere though very juſt ſatire upon the antagoniſts engaged in that diſ-

pute, and was publiſhed by Mr. Pomfret at the time it was wrote. The not inſerting of it among his other poems, when he collected them into a volume, was on account of his having received very ſignal favours from ſome of the perſons therein mentioned; but they, as well as he, being now dead, it is hoped that the revival of it at this juncture will anſwer the ſame good purpoſes intended by the Author in its original compoſition.

The other, entitled *Dies Noviſſima;* or, The Laſt Epiphany, a Pindaric ode, on Chriſt's ſecond appearance to judge the world, is now printed from a manuſcript under his own hand. It muſt be, indeed, confeſſed, that many excellent pens have exerciſed their talents upon this ſubject; but yet, notwithſtanding the different manner in which they have treated it, I dare ſay there will be found ſuch a holy warmth animating this piece throughout, that, as The Guardian has obſerved of divine poetry, we ſhall find a kind of refuge in our pleaſure, and our diverſion will become our ſafety.

Having thus given a faithful account of theſe valuable Remains, there is another natural piece of juſtice ſtill due to the memory of the Author. In the firſt place, by giving ſome account of his family, to clear him from the aſperſions of fanaticiſm, which have been generally caſt on him through a notorious miſtake; and, in the next place, to defend the genuine-

ness of his writings from the injurious treatment of those who have, either through malice or ignorance, ascribed some of them to other persons.

The true account of his family is as follows, *viz.* Mr. Pomfret's father was Rector of Luton in Bedfordshire, and himself was preferred to the living of Malden in the same county. He was liberally educated at an eminent grammar-school in the country, from whence he was sent to the university of Cambridge, but of what college he was entered I know not. There he wrote most of his poetical compositions, took the degree of Master of Arts, and very early accomplished himself in most kinds of polite literature.

It was shortly after his leaving the University that he was preferred to the living of Malden above mentioned; and so far was he from being in the least tinctured with fanaticism, that I have often heard him express his abhorrence of the destructive tenets maintained by those people, both against our religious and civil rights.

This imputation, it seems, was cast on him by there having been one of his sirname, though not any way related to him, a dissenting teacher, who died not long ago*: so far distant from the accusation were the principles of this excellent man.

* Mr. Samuel Pomfret, who published some rhymes upon Spiritual Subjects, as they are pleased to call them.

PAGE NO- VIII, IX MISSING IN ORIGINAL

hoped, in a future edition of the E. of Rofcommon's and Mr. Duke's poems, the fame care will be taken to do thefe gentlemen juftice, as to prevent any other perfon from hereafter injuring the memory of his Lordfhip.

1724. PHILALETHES.

IT will be to little purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any reasons why the following poems appear in public, for it is ten to one whether he gives the true, and if he does, it is much greater odds whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some other excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the press; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself; for, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that unless it hit their humour it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print ought not to have been printed at all: but whether the ensuing Poems deserve to stand in that class the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good humour will easily pardon; but those which the peevishness and ill nature of the critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used; though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some persons, perhaps, may wonder how things of this nature dare come into the world without the

protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome epistle dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for if a poem struts out under my Lord's patronage, the author imagines it is no less than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it, especially if he thinks fit to tell the world that this same lord is a person of wonderful wit and understanding, a notable judge of poetry, and a very considerable poet himself. But if a poem have no intrinsic excellencies and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: for, indeed, there lies the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an author can receive from it.

To please every one would be a new thing, and to write so as to please no body would be as new; for even Quarles and Wythers have their admirers. The Author is not so fond of fame to desire it from the injudicious many, nor of so mortified a temper not to wish it from the discerning few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary.

London, *anno* 1699.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CHOICE.

If Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chuſe my method how to live,
And all thoſe hours propitious Fate ſhould lend
In bliſsful eaſe and ſatisfaction ſpend:
Near ſome fair town I'd have a private ſeat,
Built uniform; not little, nor too great;
Better if on a riſing ground it ſtood,
On this ſide fields, on that a neighb'ring wood:
It ſhould within no other things contain
But what are uſeful, neceſſary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauſeous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needleſs pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by,
On whoſe delicious banks a ſtately row
Of ſhady limes or ſycamores ſhould grow;
At th' end of which a ſilent ſtudy plac'd,
Should be with all the nobleſt authors grac'd,
Horace and Virgil, in whoſe mighty lines
Immortal wit and ſolid learning ſhines;
Sharp Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's ſoft paſſion knew;

He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which ſtrong art with ſtronger nature joins,
Muſt grant his fancy does the beſt excel,
His thoughts ſo tender, and expreſs'd ſo well;
With all thoſe Moderns, men of ſteady ſenſe,
Eſteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In ſome of theſe, as Fancy ſhould adviſe,
I'd always take my morning exerciſe;
For ſure no minutes bring us more content
Than thoſe in pleaſing uſeful ſtudies ſpent.

I'd have a clear and competent eſtate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately ſpend;
A little more, ſometimes t'oblige a friend:
Nor ſhould the ſons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they ſhould taſte of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could ſpare:
For that our Maker has too largely giv'n
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal plenty ſhould my table ſpread,
With healthy, not luxurious, diſhes fed;
Enough to ſatisfy, and ſomething more,
To feed the ſtranger and the neighb'ring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
Creates diſeaſes, and inflames the blood:
But what's ſufficient to make nature ſtrong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,

I'd freely take; and, as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bleſs.
  I'd have a little vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleaſant flavour to diſcourſe;
By making all our ſpirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the ſediment of care:
But as the greateſt bleſſing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and ſerve ignoble ends,
So, but too oft', the grape's refreſhing juice
Does many miſchievous effects produce.
My houſe ſhould no ſuch rude diſorders know
As from high drinking conſequently flow,
Nor would I uſe what was ſo kindly giv'n
To the diſhonour of indulgent Heav'n.
If any neighbour came he ſhould be free,
Us'd with reſpect, and not uneaſy be
In my retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reaſon, give,
All men may, with impunity, receive;
But the leaſt ſwerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us 'tis death to touch.
  That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, ſincere, and great,
I'd chuſe two friends, whoſe company would be
A great advance to my felicity;

Well born, of humours ſuited to my own,
Diſcreet, and men as well as books have known;
Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From looſe behaviour or formality;
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in diſcerning, and in judging right;
Secret they ſhould be, faithful to their truſt,
In reas'ning cool, ſtrong, temperate, and juſt;
Obliging, open, without huffing brave,
Briſk in gay talking, and in ſober grave;
Cloſe in diſpute, but not tenacious; try'd
By ſolid reaſon, and let that decide;
Not prone to luſt, revenge, or envious hate,
Nor buſy meddlers with intrigues of ſtate;
Strangers to ſlander, and ſworn foes to ſpite;
Not quarrelſome, but ſtout enough to fight;
Loyal and pious, friends to Cæſar; true,
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too:
In their ſociety I could not miſs
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial, bliſs.
  Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd chuſe
(For who would ſo much ſatisfaction loſe
As witty nymphs in converſation give?)
Near ſome obliging modeſt fair to live;
For there's that ſweetneſs in a female mind
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a ſecret but a pow'rful art,
Winds up the ſpring of life, and does impart
Freſh vital heat to the tranſported heart.

I'd have her reaſon all her paſſion ſway;
Eaſy in company, in private gay;
Coy to a fop, to the deſerving free;
Still conſtant to herſelf, and juſt to me:
A ſoul ſhe ſhould have for great actions fit,
Prudence and wiſdom to direct her wit;
Courage to look bold Danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud or baſe;
Quick to adviſe, by an emergence preſt,
To give good counſel, or to take the beſt:
I'd have th' expreſſion of her thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem reſerv'd, nor talk too much;
That ſhews a want of judgment and of ſenſe;
More than enough is but impertinence:
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd,
Civil to ſtrangers, to her neighbours kind;
Averſe to vanity, revenge, and pride,
In all the methods of deceit untry'd;
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No cenſure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n Envy be compell'd to ſay
She goes the leaſt of woman-kind aſtray.
To this fair creature I'd ſometimes retire,
Her converſation would new joys inſpire,
Give life an edge ſo keen, no ſurly care
Would venture to aſſault my ſoul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one ſecret ſnare.

But ſo divine, ſo noble, a repaſt
I'd ſeldom and with moderation taſte;
For higheſt cordials all their virtue loſe
By a too frequent and too bold a uſe;
And what would cheer the ſpirits in diſtreſs
Ruins our health when taken to exceſs.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Beloved by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er aſſiſtance I had pow'r to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to ſerve my king,
Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counſel, or my ſword.
Law-ſuits I'd ſhun with as much ſtudious care
As I would dens where hungry lions are,
And rather put up injuries than be
A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great
To give for my revenge ſo dear a rate;
For what do we by all our buſtle gain
But counterfeit delight for real pain?
If Heav'n a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleaſure, eaſe, and plenty, live;
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilſt I did for a better ſtate prepare:
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd,

But, by a ſilent and a peaceful death,
Without a ſigh reſign my aged breath:
And when committed to the duſt, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave:
Then would my exit ſo propitious be,
All men would wiſh to live and die like me.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

Tho' gloomy thoughts diſturb'd my anxious breaſt
All the long night, and drove away my reſt,
Juſt as the dawning day began to riſe
A grateful ſlumber clos'd my waking eyes;
But active Fancy to ſtrange regions flew,
And brought ſurpriſing objects to my view.
Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The ſoft retreat of gods, when gods make love;
Each beauteous object my charm'd ſoul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd,
Nor knew which moſt delighted; all was fine,
The noble product of ſome pow'r divine:
But as I travers'd the obliging ſhade,
Which myrtle, jeſſamine, and roſes, made,
I ſaw a perſon whoſe celeſtial face
At firſt declar'd her goddeſs of the place;
But I diſcover'd, when approaching near,
An aſpect full of beauty, but ſevere:
Bold and majeſtic, ev'ry awful look
Into my ſoul a ſecret horror ſtruck:
Advancing farther on ſhe made a ſtand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiſs'd her hand;
Then thus began—— "Bright Deity! (for ſo
" You are, no mortals ſuch perfections know)
" I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
" To this ſtrange place, or by what pow'r ful aid,

"I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
"Or where I am, or whom I do adore:
"Inſtruct me, then, that I no longer may
"In darkneſs ſerve the goddeſs I obey."
"Youth!" ſhe reply'd, "this place belongs to one
"By whom you'll be, and thouſands are, undone.
"Theſe pleaſant walks, and all theſe ſhady bow'rs,
"Are in the government of dang'rous pow'rs.
"Love's the capricious maſter of this coaſt,
"This fatal labyrinth, where fools are loſt.
"I dwell not here amidſt theſe gaudy things,
"Whoſe ſhort enjoyment no true pleaſure brings,
"But have an empire of a nobler kind;
"My regal ſeat 's in the celeſtial mind,
"Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
"I rule, and make thoſe happy I command;
"For while I govern all within 's at reſt;
"No ſtormy paſſion revels in my breaſt:
"But when my pow'r is deſpicable grown,
"And rebel appetites uſurp the throne,
"The ſoul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys,
"But all is tumult and eternal noiſe.
"Know, Youth! I'm Reaſon, which you've oft' de-
"I am that Reaſon which you never priz'd; [ſpis'd;
"And tho' my argument ſucceſsleſs prove,
"(For reaſon ſeems impertinence in love)
"Yet I'll not ſee my charge (for all mankind
"Are to my guardianſhip by Heav'n aſſign'd)

" Into the graſp of any ruin run
" That I can warn 'em of and they may ſhun.
" Fly, Youth! theſe guilty ſhades; retreat in time,
" Ere your miſtake's converted to a crime;
" For ignorance no longer can atone
" When once the error and the fault is known.
" You thought, perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
" Imprudently, to value all that ſhines,
" In theſe retirements freely to poſſeſs
" True joy, and ſtrong ſubſtantial happineſs:
" But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
" In crowds, her tributary fops appear,
" Who, blindly laviſh of their golden days,
" Conſume them all in her fallacious ways.
" Pert Love with her, by joint commiſſion, rules
" In this capacious realm of idle fools,
" Who, by falſe arts and popular deceits,
" The careleſs, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
"'Tis eaſy to deſcend into the ſnare,
" By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
" But ſafely to return from this abode
" Requires the wit, the prudence, of a god;
" Tho' you, who have not taſted that delight,
" Which only at a diſtance charms your ſight,
" May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart,
" Which loſt, is ſubject to eternal ſmart.
" Bright Delia's beauty, I muſt needs confeſs,
" Is truly great, nor would I make it leſs;

" That were to wrong her where ſhe merits moſt;
" But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coaſt:
" And who would run, that 's moderately wiſe,
" A certain danger for a doubtful prize?
" If you miſcarry, you are loſt ſo far,
" (For there 's no erring twice in love and war)
" You 'll ne 'er recover, but muſt always wear
" Thoſe chains you 'll find it difficult to bear.
" Delia has charms, I own; ſuch charms would move
" Old Age and frozen Impotence to love:
" But do not venture where ſuch danger lies;
" Avoid the ſight of thoſe victorious eyes,
" Whoſe pois'nous rays do to the ſoul impart
" Delicious ruin and a pleaſing ſmart.
" You draw, inſenſibly, deſtruction near,
" And love the danger which you ought to fear.
" If the light pains you labour under now
" Deſtroy your eaſe, and make your ſpirits bow,
" You 'll find 'em much more grievous to be borne,
" When heavier made by an imperious ſcorn;
" Nor can you hope ſhe will your paſſion hear
" With ſofter notions or a kinder ear
" Than thoſe of other ſwains, who always found
" She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
" But grant ſhe ſhould indulge your flame, and give
" Whate'er you 'd aſk, nay, all you can receive;
" The ſhort-liv'd pleaſure would ſo quickly cloy,
" Bring ſuch a weak and ſuch a feeble joy,

" You'd have but ſmall encouragement to boaſt
" The tinſel rapture worth the pains it coſt.
" Conſider, Strephon! ſoberly of things,
" What ſtrange inquietudes love always brings;
" The fooliſh fears, vain hopes, and jealouſies,
" Which ſtill attend upon this fond diſeaſe;
" How you muſt cringe and bow, ſubmit and whine,
" Call ev'ry feature, ev'ry look, divine;
" Commend each ſentence with an humble ſmile;
" Tho' nonſenſe, ſwear it is a heav'nly ſtyle;
" Servilely rail at all ſhe diſapproves,
" And as ignobly flatter all ſhe loves;
" Renounce your very ſenſe, and ſilent ſit
" While ſhe puts off impertinence for wit:
" Like ſetting-dog, new whipp'd for ſpringing game,
" You muſt be made, by due correction, tame.
" But if you can endure the nauſeous rule
" Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.
" You know the danger, your own methods uſe,
" The good or evil 's in your pow'r to chuſe:
" But who 'd expect a ſhort and dubious bliſs
" On the declining of a precipice,
" Where, if he ſlips, not Fate itſelf can ſave
" The falling wretch from an untimely grave?"
" Thou great Directreſs of our minds," ſaid I,
" We ſafely on your dictates may rely,
" And that which you have now ſo kindly preſt
" Is true, and, without contradiction, beſt;

" But with a ſteady ſentence to control
" The heat and vigour of a youthful ſoul,
" While gay temptations hover in our ſight,
" And daily bring new objects of delight,
" Which on us with ſurpriſing beauty ſmile,
" Is difficult, but is a noble toil.
" The beſt may ſlip, and the moſt cautious fall;
" He 's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all:
" And tho' fair Delia has my ſoul poſſeſt,
" I'll chaſe her bright idea from my breaſt;
" At leaſt I 'll make one eſſay: if I fail,
" And Delia's charms o'er Reaſon do prevail,
" I may be, ſure, from rigid cenſures free;
" Love was my foe, and Love 's a deity."
  Then ſhe rejoin'd; " May you ſucceſsful prove
" In your attempt to curb imperious Love;
" Then will proud paſſion own her rightful lord;
" You to yourſelf, I to my throne, reſtor'd:
" But to confirm your courage, and inſpire
" Your reſolution with a bolder fire,
" Follow me, Youth! I'll ſhew you that ſhall move
" Your ſoul to curſe the tyranny of Love."
  Then ſhe convey'd me to a diſmal ſhade
Which melancholy yew and cypreſs made,
Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow aiſle;
The water round it gave a nauſeous ſmell,
Like vapours ſteeming from a ſulph'rous cell;

The ruin'd wall, compos'd of ſtinking mud,
O'ergrown with hemlock, on ſupporters ſtood,
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view;
'Twas both an hoſpital and bedlam too:
Before the ent'rance mould'ring bones were ſpread,
Some ſkeletons entire, ſome lately dead;
A little rubbiſh looſely ſcatter'd o'er
Their bodies uninterr'd lay round the door:
No fun'ral rites to any here were paid,
But dead, like dogs, into the duſt convey'd.
From hence, by Reaſon's conduct, I was brought,
Thro' various turnings, to a ſpacious vault,
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful ſight,
Vaſt crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had,
Which made the proſpect more amazing ſad;
Some wept, ſome rav'd, ſome muſically mad;
Some ſwearing loud, and others laughing; ſome
Were always talking, others always dumb:
Here one, a dagger in his breaſt, expires,
And quenches with his blood his am'rous fires:
There hangs a ſecond; and, not far remov'd,
A third lies poiſon'd, who falſe Celia lov'd.
All ſorts of madneſs, ev'ry kind of death,
By which unhappy mortals loſe their breath,
Were here expos'd before my wond'ring eyes,
The ſad effects of female treacheries.
Others I ſaw who were not quite bereft
Of ſenſe, tho' very ſmall remains were left,

Curfing the fatal folly of their youth
For trufting to perjurious woman's truth.
Thefe on the left—upon the right a view
Of equal horror, equal mis'ry, too;
Amazing, all employ'd my troubled thought,
And with new wonder new averfion brought.
There I beheld a wretched num'rous throng
Of pale lean mortals: fome lay ftretch'd along
On beds of ftraw, difconfolate and poor;
Others extended naked on the floor:
Exil'd from human pity here they lie,
And know no end of mis'ry till they die:
But death, which comes in gay and profp'rous days
Too foon, in time of mifery delays.
  Thefe dreadful fpectacles had fo much pow'r,
I vow'd, and folemnly, to love no more;
For fure that flame is kindled from below
Which breeds fuch fad variety of woe.
  Then we defcending by fome few degrees
From this ftupendous fcene of miferies,
Bold Reafon brought me to another cave,
Dark as the inmoft chambers of the grave:
" Here, Youth!" fhe cry'd, " in the acuteft pain
" Thofe villains lie who have their fathers flain,
" Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to please
" Ambitious, proud, revengeful, miftreffes,
" Who, after all their fervices, preferr'd
" Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd.

" Before thoſe wretches, who, deſpairing, dwell
" In agonies no human tongue can tell.
" Darkneſs prevents the too amazing ſight,
" And you may bleſs the happy want of light."
But my tormented ears were fill'd with ſighs,
Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
So very ſad, I could endure no more;
Methought I felt the miſeries they bore.
  Then to my guide ſaid I, " For pity, now
" Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow,
" Which if I dare infringe be this my fate,
" To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
" The charms of beauty I'll no more purſue;
" Delia! farewell; farewell for ever too."
  Then we return'd to the delightful grove,
Where Reaſon ſtill diſſuaded me from love.
" You ſee," ſhe cry'd, " what miſery attends
" On love, and where too frequently it ends;
" And let not that unwieldy paſſion ſway
" Your ſoul, which none but whining fools obey.
" The maſculine brave ſpirit ſcorns to own
" The proud uſurper of my ſacred throne,
" Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
" To the falſe god or ſacrifice or praiſe.
" The Syren's muſic charms the ſailor's ear,
" But he is ruin'd if he ſtops to hear;
" And if you liſten, Love's harmonious voice
" As much delights as certainly deſtroys.

" Ambroſia mix'd with aconite may have
" A pleaſant taſte, but ſends you to the grave;
" For tho' the latent poiſon may be ſtill
" A while, it very ſeldom fails to kill.
" But who'd partake the food of gods to die
" Within a day, or live in miſery?
" Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
" A poniard hung but by a ſingle thread *?
" Love's banquets are extravagantly ſweet,
" And either kill or ſurfeit all that eat,
" Who, when the ſated appetite is tir'd,
" Ev'n loathe the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
" You've promis'd, Strephon, to forſake the charms
" Of Delia, tho' ſhe courts you to her arms;
" And ſure I may your reſolution truſt;
" You'll never want temptation, but be juſt.
" Vows of this nature, Youth! muſt not be broke;
" You're always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle yoke.
" Would men be wiſe, and my advice purſue,
" Love's conqueſts would be ſmall, his triumphs few;
" For nothing can oppoſe his tyranny
" With ſuch a proſpect of ſucceſs as I.
" Me he deteſts, and from my preſence flies,
" Who know his arts, and ſtratagems deſpiſe,
" By which he cancels mighty Wiſdom's rules,
" To make himſelf the deity of fools:

* The feaſt of Democles.

" Him dully they adore, him blindly ſerve;
" Some while they 're ſots, and others while they ſtarve;
" For thoſe who under his wild conduct go,
" Either come coxcombs, or he makes 'em ſo:
" His charms deprive, by their ſtrange influence,
" The brave of courage, and the wiſe of ſenſe:
" In vain Philoſophy would ſet the mind
" At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
" The ſcholar's learning and the poet's wit
" A while may ſtruggle, but at laſt ſubmit:
" Well-weigh'd reſults and wiſe concluſions ſeem
" But empty chat, impertinence, to him:
" His opiates ſeize ſo ſtrongly on the brain,
" They make all prudent application vain:
" If therefore you reſolve to live at eaſe,
" To taſte the ſweetneſs of internal peace,
" Would not for ſafety to a battle fly,
" Or chuſe a ſhipwreck, if afraid to die,
" Far from theſe pleaſurable ſhades remove,
" And leave the fond inglorious toil of Love."
This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd; and methought I found
Myſelf tranſported to a riſing ground,
From whence I did a pleaſant vale ſurvey;
Large was the proſpect, beautiful and gay:
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whoſe curious forms oblig'd the wond'ring ſight;
Some in full view upon the champaign plac'd,
With lofty walls and cooling ſtreams embrac'd;

Others in ſhady groves retir'd from noiſe,
The ſeat of private and exalted joys:
At a great diſtance I perceiv'd there ſtood
A ſtately building in a ſpacious wood,
Whoſe gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
High in the air, to view the neighb'ring meads,
Where vulgar lovers ſpend their happy days
In ruſtic dancing and delightful plays:
But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
I heard from far celeſtial muſic ſound;
So ſoft, ſo moving, ſo harmonious, all
The artful charming notes did riſe and fall,
My ſoul, tranſported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the preſſures of its former fears;
I felt afreſh the little god begin
To ſtir himſelf, and gently move within;
Then I repented I had vow'd no more
To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
" Why am I now condemn'd to baniſhment,
" And made an exile by my own conſent?"
I ſighing cry'd. " Why ſhould I live in pain
" Thoſe fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
" O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do?
" Inhuman to himſelf, and falſe to you!
" 'Tis true, I've promis'd Reaſon to remove
" From theſe retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:
" But is not Reaſon partially unkind?
" Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?

"Muſt none, that under her dominion live,
"To love and beauty veneration give?
"Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
"With a majeſtic mien and charming face?
"Why did ſhe give her that ſurpriſing air,
"Make her ſo gay, ſo witty, and ſo fair,
"Miſtreſs of all that can affection move,
"If Reaſon will not ſuffer us to love?
"But ſince it muſt be ſo I'll haſte away;
"'Tis fatal to return, and death to ſtay.
"From you, bleſs'd Shades! (if I may call you ſo
"Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:
"Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;
"I may find ſafety, but I buy it dear."
Then, turning round, I ſaw a beauteous boy,
Such as of old were meſſengers of joy:
"Who art thou, or from whence? If ſent," ſaid I,
"To me, my haſte requires a quick reply."
"I come," he cry'd, "from yon' celeſtial grove,
"Where ſtands the temple of the god of Love,
"With whoſe important favour you are grac'd,
"And juſtly in his high protection plac'd.
"Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god
"Whoſe ſceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod;
"That god to whom the haughty and the proud,
"The bold, the braveſt, nay, the beſt, have bow'd;
"That god whom all the leſſer gods adore,
"Firſt in exiſtence, and the firſt in pow'r:

"From him I come, on embaſſy divine,
" To tell thee Delia, Delia may be thine,
" To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;
" Delia! the young, the lovely, and the gay!
" If you dare puſh your fortune, if you dare
" But be reſolv'd, and preſs the yielding fair,
" Succeſs and glory will your labours crown,
" For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown:
" But were you ſure to be unkindly us'd,
" Coldly receiv'd, and ſcornfully refus'd,
" He greater glory and more fame obtains
" Who loſes Delia than who Phyllis gains.
" But, to prevent all fears that may ariſe,
" (Tho' fears ne'er move the daring and the wiſe)
" In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
" Where all things paſt, and preſent, and to come,
" Are writ, I ſaw theſe words—" It is decreed
" That Strephon's love to Delia ſhall ſucceed."
" What would you more?—While youth and vigour [laſt
" Love, and be happy; they decline too faſt.
" In youth alone you 're capable to prove
" The mighty tranſports of a gen'rous love;
" For dull Old Age with fumbling labour cloys
" Before the bliſs, or gives but wither'd joys.
" Youth 's the beſt time for action mortals have;
" That paſt, they touch the confines of the grave.
" Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
" To die in raptures, or diſſolve in charms,

" Quick to the bliſsful happy manſion fly,
" Where all is one continu'd ecſtaſy;
" Delia impatiently expects you there,
" And ſure you will not diſappoint the fair:
" None but the impotent or old would ſtay
" When love invites, and beauty calls away."
" Oh! you convey," ſaid I, " dear charming Boy!
" Into my ſoul a ſtrange diſorder'd joy.
" I would, but dare not, your advice purſue;
" I've promis'd Reaſon, and I muſt be true:
" Reaſon 's the rightful empreſs of the ſoul,
" Does all exorbitant deſires control,
" Checks ev'ry wild excurſion of the mind,
" By her wiſe dictates happily confin'd;
" And he that will not her commands obey
" Leaves a ſafe convoy in a dang'rous ſea.
" True, I love Delia to a vaſt exceſs,
" But I muſt try to make my paſſion leſs;
" Try if I can; if poſſible I will;
" For I have vow'd, and muſt that vow fulfil.
" Oh! had I not, with what a vig'rous flight
" Could I purſue the quarries of delight!
" How could I preſs fair Delia in theſe arms,
" Till I diſſolv'd in love, and ſhe in charms!
" But now no more muſt I her beauties view,
" Yet tremble at the thoughts to leave her too.
" What would I give I might my flame allow!
" But 'tis forbid by Reaſon and a vow,

"Two mighty obſtacles; tho' love of old
"Has broke thro' greater, ſtronger pow'rs controll'd.
"Should I offend, by high example taught,
"'Twould not be an inexpiable fault:
"The crimes of malice have found grace above,
"And ſure kind Heav'n will ſpare the crimes of love.
"Couldſt thou, my Angel! but inſtruct me how
"I might be happy and not break my vow,
"Or by ſome ſubtle art diſſolve the chain,
"You'd ſoon revive my dying hopes again.
"Reaſon and Love, I know, could ne'er agree;
"Both would command, and both ſuperior be.
"Reaſon's ſupported by the ſin'wy force
"Of ſolid argument and wiſe diſcourſe;
"But Love pretends to uſe no other arms
"Than ſoft impreſſions and perſuaſive charms.
"One muſt be diſobey'd; and ſhall I prove
"A rebel to my reaſon, or to love?
"But then, ſuppoſe I ſhould my flame purſue,
"Delia may be unkind and faithleſs too,
"Reject my paſſion with a proud diſdain,
"And ſcorn the love of ſuch an humble ſwain:
"Then ſhould I labour under mighty grief,
"Beyond all hopes or proſpect of relief;
"So that, methinks, 'tis ſafer to obey
"Right Reaſon, tho' ſhe bears a rugged ſway,
"Than Love's ſoft rule, whoſe ſubjects undergo,
"Early or late, too ſad a ſhare of woe.

" Can I ſo ſoon forget that wretched crew
" Reaſon juſt now expos'd before my view?
" If Delia ſhould be cruel, I muſt be
" A ſad partaker of their miſery.
" But your encouragements ſo ſtrongly move,
" I'm almoſt tempted to purſue my love;
" For ſure no treacherous deſigns ſhould dwell
" In one that argues and perſuades ſo well;
" For what could Love by my deſtruction gain?
" Love's an immortal god and I a ſwain;
" And ſure I may, without ſuſpicion, truſt
" A god, for gods can never be unjuſt."
" Right you conclude," reply'd the ſmiling boy;
" Love ruins none; 'tis men themſelves deſtroy;
" And thoſe vile wretches which you lately ſaw
" Tranſgreſs'd his rules as well as Reaſon's law:
" They're not Love's ſubjects, but the ſlaves of luſt;
" Nor is their puniſhment ſo great as juſt:
" For Love and Luſt eſſentially divide,
" Like day and night, humility and pride:
" One darkneſs hides, t'other does always ſhine;
" This of infernal make, and that divine.
" Reaſon no gen'rous paſſion does oppoſe;
" 'Tis Luſt (not Love) and Reaſon that are foes:
" She bids you ſcorn a baſe inglorious flame,
" Black as the gloomy ſhade from whence it came;
" In this her precepts ſhould obedience find,
" But your's is not of that ignoble kind.

" You err in thinking ſhe would diſapprove
" The brave purſuit of honourable love,
" And therefore judge what 's harmleſs an offence,
" Invert her meaning, and miſtake her ſenſe.
" She could not ſuch inſipid counſel give
" As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;
" But where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
" And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes!
" Could you, contented, ſee th' angelic maid
" In old Alexis' dull embraces laid?
" Or rough-hewn Tityrus poſſeſs thoſe charms
" Which are in heav'n, the heav'n of Delia's arms?
" Conſider, Youth! what tranſport you forego,
" The moſt entire felicity below,
" Which is by Fate alone reſerv'd for you;
" Monarchs have been deny'd, for monarchs ſue.
" I own 'tis difficult to gain the prize,
" Or 't would be cheap and low in noble eyes;
" But there is one ſoft minute when the mind
" Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind,
" Which the wiſe lover underſtanding right,
" Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
" You urge your vow; but can thoſe vows prevail
" Whoſe firſt foundation and whoſe reaſon fail?
" You vow'd to leave fair Delia, but you thought
" Your paſſion was a crime, your flame a fault:
" But ſince your judgment err'd, it has no force
" To bind at all, but is diſſolv'd of courſe;

" And therefore heſitate no longer here,
" But baniſh all the dull remains of fear.
" Dare you be happy, Youth! but dare, and be;
" I'll be your convoy to the charming ſhe.
" What! ſtill irreſolute? debating ſtill?
" View her, and then forſake her if you will."
" I'll go," ſaid I; " once more I'll venture all;
" 'Tis brave to periſh by a noble fall.
" Beauty no mortal can reſiſt, and Jove
" Laid by his grandeur to indulge his love.
" Reaſon! if I do err, my crime forgive;
" Angels alone without offending live.
" I go aſtray but as the wiſe have done,
" And act a folly which they did not ſhun."
Then we, deſcending to a ſpacious plain,
Were ſoon ſaluted by a num'rous train
Of happy lovers, who conſum'd their hours
With conſtant jollity in ſhady bow'rs.
There I beheld the bleſs'd variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free:
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;
Tho' all went diff'rent ways, yet all went right.
None err'd, or miſs'd the happineſs he ſought;
Love to one centre ev'ry twining brought.
We paſs'd thro' num'rous pleaſant fields and glades,
By murm'ring fountains and by peaceful ſhades,
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple ſtood.

Round the celeſtial fane, in goodly rows,
And beauteous order, am'rous myrtle grows,
Beneath whoſe ſhade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent Fate:
Each had his guardian Cupid, whoſe chief care,
By ſecret motions, was to warm the fair;
To kindle eager longings for the joy;
To move the ſlow, and to incline the coy.
The glorious fabric charm'd my wond'ring ſight,
Of vaſt extent and of prodigious height:
The caſe was marble, but the poliſh'd ſtone
With ſuch an admirable luſtre ſhone,
As if ſome architect divine had ſtrove
T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove.
The pond'rous gates of maſſy gold were made,
With di'monds of a mighty ſize inlaid:
Here ſtood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
With ſhining darts and golden quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd they clapp'd their joyful wings,
And cry'd aloud, "Tune, tune your warbling ſtrings;
"The grateful youth is come to ſacrifice
"At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes:
"With harmony divine his ſoul inſpire,
"That he may boldly touch the ſacred fire:
"And ye that wait upon the bluſhing fair,
"Celeſtial incenſe and perfumes prepare,
"While our great god her panting boſom warms,
"Refines her beauties, and improves her charms."

Ent'ring the ſpacious dome, my raviſh'd eyes
A wondrous ſcene of glory did ſurpriſe;
The riches, ſymmetry, and brightneſs, all
Did equally for admiration call;
But the deſcription is a labour fit
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.
Amidſt the temple was an altar made
Of ſolid gold, where adoration 's paid:
Here I perform'd the uſual rites with fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near,
Till from the god a ſmiling Cupid came,
And bid me touch the conſecrated flame;
Which done, my guide my eager ſteps convey'd
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedeſtals of poliſh'd marble plac'd;
By it her guardian Cupid always ſtands,
Who troops of miſſionary Loves commands:
To him with ſoft addreſſes all repair;
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair,
Tho' ſtill in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
" There ſtands the youth," he cry'd, " muſt take the bliſs,
" The lovely Delia can be none but his:
" Fate has ſelected him; and mighty Love
" Confirms below what that decrees above.
" Then preſs no more; there 's not another ſwain
" On earth but Strephon can bright Delia gain.

"Kneel, Youth! and with a grateful mind renew
"Your vows; ſwear you'll eternally be true:
"But if you dare be falſe, dare perjur'd prove,
"You'll find, in ſure revenge, affronted Love
"As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove."
"Hear me, ye Gods!" ſaid I, "now hear me ſwear,
"By all that's ſacred, and by all that's fair!
"If I prove falſe to Delia, let me fall
"The common obloquy, condemn'd by all;
"Let me the utmoſt of your vengeance try,
"Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die."
Then he expos'd the lovely ſleeping maid,
Upon a couch of new-blown roſes laid:
The bluſhing colour in her cheeks expreſt
What tender thoughts inſpir'd her heaving breaſt.
Sometimes a ſigh, half ſmother'd, ſtole away, [ſay:
Then ſhe would "Strephon, charming Strephon!"
Sometimes ſhe, ſmiling, cry'd, "You love, 'tis true;
"But will you always, and be faithful too?"
Ten thouſand Graces play'd about her face,
Ten thouſand charms attended ev'ry Grace:
Each admirable feature did impart
A ſecret rapture to my throbbing heart.
The nymph * impriſon'd in the Brazen Tow'r,
When Jove deſcended in a golden ſhow'r,
Leſs beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
Brought down that god from the neglected ſkies.

* Danae.

So moving, ſo tranſporting, was the ſight,
So much a goddeſs Delia ſeem'd, ſo bright,
My raviſh'd ſoul, with ſecret wonder fraught,
Lay all diſſolv'd in ecſtaſy of thought.
  Long time I gaz'd; but as I, trembling, drew
Nearer, to take a more obliging view,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noiſe
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

As Strephon in a wither'd cypreſs ſhade,
For anxious thought and ſighing lovers made,
Revolving lay upon his wretched ſtate,
And the hard uſage of too partial Fate,
Thus the ſad youth complain'd: "Once happy ſwain,
"Now the moſt abject ſhepherd of the plain!
"Where's that harmonious concert of delights,
"Thoſe peaceful days and pleaſurable nights,
"That gen'rous mirth and noble jollity,
"Which gaily made the dancing minutes fly?
"Diſpers'd, and baniſh'd from my troubled breaſt,
"Nor leave me one ſhort interval of reſt.
"Why do I proſecute a hopeleſs flame,
"And play in torment ſuch a loſing game?
"All things conſpire to make my ruin ſure;
"When wounds are mortal they admit no cure:
"But Heav'n ſometimes does a mirac'lous thing,
"When our laſt hope is juſt upon the wing,
"And in a moment drives thoſe clouds away
"Whoſe ſullen darkneſs hid a glorious day.
"Why was I born? or why do I ſurvive?
"To be made wretched only kept alive?
"Fate is too cruel in the harſh decree,
"That I muſt live, yet live in miſery.
"Are all its pleaſing happy moments gone?
"Muſt Strephon be unfortunate alone?

"On other ſwains it laviſhly beſtows;
"On them each nymph neglected favour throws;
"They meet compliance ſtill in ev'ry face,
"And lodge their paſſions in a kind embrace,
"Obtaining from the ſoft incurious maid
"True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
"Succeſs on Mævius always does attend;
"Inconſtant Fortune is his conſtant friend;
"He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit,
"And owes the victory to chance, not wit:
"But let him conquer ere one blow be ſtruck;
"I'd not be Mævius to have Mævius' luck:
"Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
"For all the trophies purring Mævius gains,
"But rather ſtill live Delia's ſlave, than be
"Like Mævius ſilly, and like Mævius free.
"But he is happy, loves the common road,
"And, pack-horſe like, jogs on beneath his load:
"If Phyllis peeviſh or unkind does prove,
"It ne'er diſturbs his grave mechanic love.
"A little joy his languid flame contents,
"And makes him eaſy under all events:
"But when a paſſion 's noble and ſublime,
"And higher ſtill would ev'ry moment climb,
"If 'tis accepted with a juſt return,
"The fire 's immortal, will for ever burn,
"And with ſuch raptures fills the lover's breaſt,
"That ſaints in Paradiſe are ſcarce more bleſt.

" But I lament my miſeries in vain,
" For Delia hears me pitileſs complain.
" Suppoſe ſhe pities, and believes me true,
" What ſatisfaction can from thence accrue,
" Unleſs her pity makes her love me too?
" Perhaps ſhe loves, ('tis but perhaps, I fear,
" For that's a bleſſing can't be bought too dear)
" If ſhe has ſcruples that oppoſe her will,
" I muſt, alas! be miſerable ſtill;
" Tho', if ſhe loves, thoſe ſcruples ſoon will fly
" Before the reas'ning of the deity;
" For where Love enters he will rule alone,
" And ſuffer no copartner in his throne;
" And thoſe falſe arguments that would repel
" His high injunctions teach us to rebel.
" What method can poor Strephon then propound
" To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
" If ſhe who guided the vexatious dart
" Reſolves to cheriſh and increaſe the ſmart?
" Go, youth, from theſe unhappy plains remove,
" Leave the purſuit of unſucceſsful love;
" Go, and to foreign ſwains thy griefs relate;
" Tell 'em the cruelty of frowning Fate;
" Tell 'em the noble charms of Delia's mind;
" Tell 'em how fair, but tell 'em how unkind;
" And when few years thou haſt in ſorrow ſpent,
" (For ſure they cannot be of large extent)

"In pray'rs for her thou lov'ſt reſign thy breath,
"And bleſs the minute gives thee eaſe and death."
Here paus'd the ſwain—when Delia, driving by
Her bleating flock to ſome freſh paſture nigh,
By Love directed, did her ſteps convey
Where Strephon, wrapp'd in ſilent ſorrow, lay.
As ſoon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
He roſe to meet her, and thus, trembling, ſaid:
"When humble ſuppliants would the gods appeaſe,
"And in ſevere afflictions beg for eaſe,
"With conſtant importunity they ſue,
"And their petitions ev'ry day renew,
"Grow ſtill more earneſt as they are deny'd,
"Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
"Till Heav'n thoſe bleſſings they enjoy'd before
"Not only does return, but gives 'em more.
"O! do not blame me, Delia, if I preſs
"So much, and with impatience, for redreſs:
"My pond'rous griefs no eaſe my ſoul allow,
"For they are next t' intolerable now:
"How ſhall I then ſupport 'em when they grow
"To an exceſs, to a diſtracting woe?
"Since you're endow'd with a celeſtial mind,
"Relieve like Heav'n, and, like the gods, be kind.
"Did you perceive the torments I endure,
"Which you firſt caus'd, and you alone can cure,
"They would your virgin ſoul to pity move,
"And pity may at laſt be chang'd to love.

"Some fwains, I own, impofe upon the fair,
"And lead th'incautious maid into a fnare;
"But let them fuffer for their perjury,
"And do not punifh others' crimes in me.
"If there's fo many of our fex untrue,
"Your's fhould more kindly ufe the faithful few;
"Tho' innocence too oft' incurs the fate
"Of guilt, and clears itfelf fometimes too late.
"Your nature is to tendernefs inclin'd;
"And why to me, to me alone, unkind?
"A common love, by other perfons fhown,
"Meets with a full return, but mine has none;
"Nay, fcarce believ'd, tho' from deceit as free
"As angels' flames can for archangels be.
"A paffion feign'd at no repulfe is griev'd,
"And values little if it ben't receiv'd;
"But love fincere refents the fmalleft fcorn,
"And the unkindnefs does in fecret mourn.
"Sometimes I pleafe myfelf, and think you are
"Too good to make me wretched by defpair;
"That tendernefs which in your foul is plac'd
"Will move you to compaffion fure at laft:
"But when I come to take a fecond view
"Of my own merits, I defpond of you;
"For what can Delia, beauteous Delia! fee
"To raife in her the leaft efteem for me?
"I've nought that can encourage my addrefs;
"My fortune's little, and my worth is lefs:

" But if a love of the ſublimeſt kind
" Can make impreſſion on a gen'rous mind;
" If all has real value that 's divine,
" There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.
" Perhaps you pity me; I know you muſt,
" And my affection can no more diſtruſt:
" But what, alas! will helpleſs pity do?
" You pity, but you may deſpiſe me too.
" Still I am wretched if no more you give;
" The ſtarving orphan can't on pity live;
" He muſt receive the food for which he cries,
" Or he conſumes, and, tho' much pity'd, dies.
" My torments ſtill do with my paſſion grow;
" The more I love the more I undergo:
" But ſuffer me no longer to remain
" Beneath the preſſure of ſo vaſt a pain:
" My wound requires ſome ſpeedy remedy;
" Delays are fatal when deſpair is nigh.
" Much I 've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
" Too much, indeed, for one that loves ſo well.
" When will the end of all my ſorrows be?
" Can you not love? I 'm ſure you pity me:
" But if I muſt new miſeries ſuſtain,
" And be condemn'd to more and ſtronger pain,
" I 'll not accuſe you, ſince my fate is ſuch;
" I pleaſe too little, and I love too much."
" Strephon, no more," the bluſhing Delia ſaid;
" Excuſe the conduct of a tim'rous maid:

" Now I'm convinc'd your love's ſublime and true,
" Such as I always wiſh'd to find in you :
" Each kind expreſſion, ev'ry tender thought,
" A mighty tranſport in my boſom wrought ;
" And tho' in ſecret I your flame approv'd,
" I ſigh'd and griev'd, but durſt not own I lov'd :
" Tho' now—O Strephon ! be ſo kind to gueſs
" What ſhame will not allow me to confeſs."
The youth, encompaſs'd with a joy ſo bright,
Had hardly ſtrength to bear the vaſt delight :
By too ſublime an ecſtaſy poſſeſt,
He trembled, gaz'd, and claſp'd her to his breaſt ;
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endleſs truth and everlaſting love.

A PASTORAL ESSAY

ON THE DEATH OF

QUEEN MARY.

ANNO MDCXCIV.

As gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd
A wand'ring lamb, which from the flocks had ſtray'd,
Beneath a mournful cypreſs ſhade he found
Coſmelia weeping on the dewy ground:
Amaz'd, with eager haſte he ran to know
The fatal cauſe of her intemp'rate woe,
And claſping her to his impatient breaſt,
In theſe ſoft words his tender care expreſt.

Streph. Why mourns my dear Coſmelia? why ap-[pears
My life, my ſoul, diſſolv'd in briny tears?
Has ſome fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer ſlain,
While I was wand'ring on the neighb'ring plain?
Or has ſome greedy wolf devour'd thy ſheep?
What ſad misfortune makes Coſmelia weep?
Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increaſe,
Partake thy ſorrows, or reſtore thy peace.

Cos. Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?
'Tis for---I cannot the ſad tidings tell.
Oh! whither are my fainting ſpirits fled!
'Tis for Celeſtia---Strephon, oh!---ſhe's dead!
The brighteſt nymph, the princeſs of the plain,
By an untimely dart untimely ſlain!

STREPH. Dead! 'tis impoſſible! ſhe cannot die!
She's too divine, too much a deity:
'Tis a falſe rumour ſome ill ſwains have ſpread,
Who wiſh, perhaps, the good Celeſtia dead.
COS. Ah! no; the truth in ev'ry face appears,
For ev'ry face you meet 's o'erflow'd with tears.
Trembling and pale I ran thro' all the plain,
From flock to flock, and aſk'd of ev'ry ſwain,
But each, ſcarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd, "Oh! Coſmelia; oh! Celeſtia's dead."
STREPH. Something was meant by that ill-boding croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which ſtraight by lightning was in ſhivers broke;
But we our miſchief feel before we ſee,
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with miſery.
COS. Since then we have no trophies to beſtow,
No pompous things to make a glorious ſhow,
(For all the tribute a poor ſwain can bring,
In rural numbers is to mourn and ſing)
Let us beneath the gloomy ſhade rehearſe
Celeſtia's ſacred name in no leſs ſacred verſe.
STREPH. Celeſtia dead! then 'tis in vain to live;
What's all the comfort that the plains can give,
Since ſhe, by whoſe bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone?
Since ſhe, who round ſuch beams of goodneſs ſpread
As gave new life to ev'ry ſwain, is dead?
COS. In vain we wiſh for the delightful ſpring;
What joys can flow'ry May or April bring,

When ſhe, for whom the ſpacious plains were ſpread
With early flow'rs and cheerful greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to ſummer fruits a winter birth;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundleſs ſtore
Of Nature was preſerv'd, is now no more.
  STREPH. Farewell for ever then to all that's gay;
You will forget to ſing and I to play:
No more with cheerful ſongs, in cooling bow'rs,
Shall we conſume the pleaſurable hours:
All joys are baniſh'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Celeſtia's dead!
  COS. If e'er I ſing, they ſhall be mournful lays
Of great Celeſtia's name, Celeſtia's praiſe;
How good ſhe was, how generous, how wiſe!
How beautiful her ſhape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all! how much ſhe was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her loſs deplor'd!
A noble theme, and able to inſpire
The humbleſt Muſe with the ſublimeſt fire.
And ſince we do of ſuch a princeſs ſing,
Let ours aſcend upon a ſtronger wing,
And while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raiſe, then, thy tuneful voice, and be the ſong
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue ſtrong.

STREPH. When her great Lord to foreign wars was
And left Celeſtia here to rule alone, [gone,
With how ſerene a brow, how void of fear,
When ſtorms aroſe, did ſhe the veſſel ſteer!
And when the raging of the waves did ceaſe,
How gentle was her ſway in times of peace!
Juſtice and Mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples ſpread a glorious light:
So quick ſhe eas'd the wrongs of ev'ry ſwain,
She hardly gave them leiſure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but ſlow to draw
Th' avenging ſword of neceſſary law;
Like Heav'n, ſhe took no pleaſure to deſtroy;
With grief ſhe puniſh'd, and ſhe ſav'd with joy.
Cos. When godlike Belliger from war's alarms
Return'd in triumph to Celeſtia's arms,
She met her hero with a full deſire,
But chaſte as light, and vigorous as fire:
Such mutual flames, ſo equally divine,
Did in each breaſt with ſuch a luſtre ſhine,
His could not ſeem the greater, her's the leſs;
Both were immenſe, for both were in exceſs.
STREPH. Oh! godlike princeſs! oh! thrice happy
While ſhe preſided o'er the fruitful plains! [ſwains!
While ſhe, for ever raviſh'd from our eyes,
To mingle with her kindred of the ſkies,
Did for your peace her conſtant thoughts employ,
The nymph's good angel, and the ſhepherd's joy!

Cos. All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
There Wiſdom ſat, with ſolid Reaſon join'd;
There, too, did Piety and Greatneſs wait,
Meekneſs on Grandeur, Modeſty on State:
Humble amidſt the ſplendours of a throne,
Plac'd above all, and yet deſpiſing none;
And when a crown was forc'd on her by Fate,
She with ſome pain ſubmitted to be great.

Streph. Her pious ſoul with emulation ſtrove
To gain the mighty Pan's important love,
To whoſe myſterious rites ſhe always came
With ſuch an active ſo intenſe a flame,
The duties of religion ſeem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

Cos. Virtue unmix'd, without the leaſt allay,
Pure as the light of a celeſtial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the ſoul
With ſuch a ſoft but abſolute control,
That as ſhe knew what beſt great Pan would pleaſe,
She ſtill perform'd it with the greateſt eaſe;
Him for her high exemplar ſhe deſign'd,
Like him benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes ſhe pity'd, not deſir'd their blood,
And, to revenge their crimes, ſhe did them good;
Nay, all affronts ſo unconcern'd ſhe bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation pow'r)
As if ſhe thought it vulgar to reſent,
Or wiſh'd forgiveneſs their worſt puniſhment.

STREPH. Next mighty Pan was her illuſtrious lord,
His high vicegerent, ſacredly ador'd;
Him with ſuch piety and zeal ſhe lov'd,
The noble paſſion ev'ry hour improv'd,
Till it aſcended to that glorious height
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite:
This made her ſo entire a duty pay,
She grew at laſt impatient to obey,
And met his wiſhes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

COS. Mature for heav'n, the fatal mandate came,
With it a chariot of ethereal flame,
In which, Elijah-like, ſhe paſs'd the ſpheres,
Brought joy to heav'n, but left the world in tears.

STREPH. Methinks I ſee her on the plains of light
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the exceſſive ſplendour of her rays,
And ſcarce believe a human ſoul could be
Endow'd with ſuch ſtupendous majeſty.

COS. Who can lament too much? O! who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful Celeſtia's urn?
So great a loſs as this deſerves exceſs
Of ſorrow; all 's too little that is leſs.
But to ſupply the univerſal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without ceſſation, flow:
All that have pow'r to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing breaſts Celeſtia's fate bemoan;

While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
And echo back thoſe cries they cannot make.
Streph. Weep then, (once fruitful) Vales! and ſpring with yew,
Ye thirſty barren Mountains! weep with dew;
Let ev'ry flow'r on this extended plain
Not droop, but ſhrink into its womb again,
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth;
Let ev'ry thing that's grateful leave the earth;
Let mournful cypreſs, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms in their place ſucceed.
Ye purling quer'llous Brooks! o'ercharg'd with grief,
Haſte ſwiftly to the ſea for more relief;
Then tiding back, each to his ſacred head,
Tell your aſtoniſh'd ſprings Celeſtia's dead!
Cos. Well have you ſung, in an exalted ſtrain,
The faireſt nymph e'er grac'd the Britiſh plain.
Who knows but ſome officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey,
That ſhe may ſmile upon us from above,
And bleſs our mournful plains with peace and love?
Streph. But ſee! our flocks do to their fold repair,
For night with ſable clouds obſcures the air;
Cold damps deſcend from the unwholeſome ſky,
And ſafety bids us to our cottage fly.
Tho' with each morn our ſorrows will return,
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we'll ſing and mourn,
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

THE EARL OF A———

WITH THE COUNTESS OF S———.

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks ſo gay
As on the morning of a nuptial day;
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and ev'ry charm improves.
While Hymen does his ſacred rites prepare,
The buſy nymphs attend the trembling fair,
Whoſe veins are ſwell'd with an unuſual heat,
And eager pulſes with ſtrange motions beat;
Alternate paſſions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys diſtend her throbbing heart;
Her fears are great, and her deſires are ſtrong;
The minutes fly too faſt—yet ſtay too long:
Now ſhe is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then ſomething is forgot:
She fears—yet wiſhes the ſtrange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Diſorders thus from ev'ry thought ariſe;
What Love perſuades I know not what denies.
  Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And ſhews at once he can be wiſe and love,
Becauſe it from no ſpurious paſſion came,
But was the product of a noble flame;

Bold without rudeneſs, without blazing bright,
Pure as fix'd ſtars, and uncorrupt as light,
By juſt degrees it to perfection grew,
An early ripeneſs, and a laſting too.
So the bright ſun aſcending to his noon
Moves not too ſlowly, nor is there too ſoon.
But tho' Achates was unkindly driv'n
From his own land, he 's baniſh'd into heav'n;
For ſure the raptures of Coſmelia's love
Are next, if only next, to thoſe above.
Thus pow'r divine does with his foes engage,
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage;
For firſt it did to fair Coſmelia give
All that a human creature could receive;
Whate'er can raiſe our wonder or delight,
Tranſport the ſoul, or gratify the ſight,
Then, in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.
What angels are is in Coſmelia ſeen,
Their awful glories, and their godlike mien;
For in her aſpect all the Graces meet,
All that is noble, beautiful, or ſweet;
There ev'ry charm in lofty triumph ſits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault ſubmits;
There ſymmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.
So, newly finiſh'd, by the hand divine,
Before her fall, did the firſt woman ſhine:

But Eve in one great point ſhe does excel;
Coſmelia never err'd at all; ſhe fell:
From her temptation, in deſpair, withdrew,
Nor more aſſaults whom it could ne'er ſubdue.
Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity by ſerious thought,
Her actions with a watchful eye ſurveys,
Each paſſion guides, and every moment ſways:
Not the leaſt failure in her conduct lies,
So gaily modeſt, and ſo freely wiſe.
Her judgment ſure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit that's clear and penetrating join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind preſides,
And to the nobleſt end her labours guides:
She knows the beſt, and does the beſt purſue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue;
That the weak only and the wav'ring lack,
When they're miſtaken, to conduct 'em back:
She does, amidſt ten thouſand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.
Her fancy, ſtrong, vivacious, and ſublime,
Seldom betrays her converſe to a crime,
And tho' it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great;
For each expreſſion, ev'ry teeming thought,
Is to the ſcanning of her judgment brought,
Which wiſely ſeparates the fineſt gold,
And caſts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debaſe her eloquence,
But all 's pathetic, all is ſterling ſenſe,
Refin'd from droſſy chat and idle noiſe,
With which the female converſation cloys:
So well ſhe knows, what 's underſtood by few,
To time her thoughts, and to expreſs 'em too,
That what ſhe ſpeaks does to the ſoul tranſmit
The fair ideas of delightful wit.
Illuſtrious born, and as illuſtrious bred,
By great example to wiſe actions led,
Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high genius more;
And by a noble emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd,
Till they arriv'd to that celeſtial height,
Scarce angels greater be, or ſaints ſo bright.
But if Coſmelia could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
Achates merits her, tho' none but he,
Whoſe gen'rous ſoul abhors a baſe diſguiſe,
Reſolv'd in action, and in council wiſe;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within
For threats to force, or flattery to win;
Unmov'd amidſt the hurricane he ſtood;
He dare be guiltleſs, and he will be good.
Since the firſt pair in Paradiſe were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er ſo happily combin'd.

Achates life to fair Coſmelia gives;
In fair Coſmelia great Achates lives:
Each is to other the divineſt bliſs;
He is her heav'n, and ſhe is more than his.
Oh! may the kindeſt influence above
Protect their perſons, and indulge their love!

An Inſcription for the monument of

DIANA

COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA OXONII ET ELGINI COMITISSA,
Quæ
Illuſtri orta ſanguine, ſanguinem illuſtravit:
Ceciliorum meritis, clara, ſuis clariſſima;
Ut quæ neſciret minor eſſe maximis.
Vitam ineuntem innocentia;
Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors:
Exeuntem mors beatiſſima decoravit;
(Volente Numine)
Ut nuſpiam deeſſet aut virtus aut felicitas.
Duobus conjuncta maritis,
Utrique chariſſima:
Primum
(Quem ad annum habuit)
Impenſe dilexit:

Secundum
(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)
Tanta pietate et amore coluit;
Ut qui, vivens,
Obſequium tanquam patri præſtitit;
Moriens,
Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.
Noverca cum eſſet,
Maternam pietatem facile ſuperavit.
Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam geſſit,
Ut non tam Domina familiæ præeſſe,
Quam anima corpori ineſſe videretur.
Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, ſancto animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum conſecraſſet integerrimum,
Terris anima major, ad ſimiles evolavit ſuperos.

THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN,
Who from a race of noble heroes came,
And added luſtre to its ancient fame;
Round her the virtues of the Cecils ſhone,
But with inferior brightneſs to her own,
Which ſhe refin'd to that ſublime degree,
The greateſt mortal could not greater be.

Each ſtage of life peculiar ſplendour had;
Her tender years with innocence were clad;
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
In the retinue of her virtues ſtood;
And at the final period of her breath
She crown'd her life with a propitious death.
That no occaſion might be wanting here
To make her virtues fam'd or joys ſincere,
Two noble lords her genial bed poſſeſt,
A wife to both the deareſt and the beſt:
Oxford ſubmitted in one year to Fate,
For whom her paſſion was exceeding great;
To Elgin full ſix *luſtra* were aſſign'd,
And him ſhe lov'd with ſo intenſe a mind,
That, living, like a father ſhe obey'd,
Dying, as to a ſon, left all ſhe had.
When a ſtepmother, ſhe ſoon ſoar'd above
The common height ev'n of maternal love.
She did her num'rous family command
With ſuch a tender care, ſo wiſe a hand,
She ſeem'd no otherwiſe a miſtreſs there,
Than godlike ſouls in human bodies are:
But when to all ſhe had example ſhew'd,
How to be great and humble, chaſte and good,
Her ſoul, for earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its peers, the princes of the ſky.

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION
OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

I.

Alas! Jeruſalem! alas! where 's now
Thy priſtine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,
To which the Heathen monarchies did bow?
Ah! hapleſs, miſerable town!
Where 's all thy majeſty, thy beauty, gone?
Thou once moſt noble, celebrated place,
The joy and the delight of all the earth,
Who gav'ſt to godlike princes birth,
And bred up heroes, an immortal race,
Where 's now the vaſt magnificence which made
The ſouls of foreigners adore
Thy wondrous brightneſs, which no more
Shall ſhine, but lie in an eternal ſhade?
Oh! miſery! where 's all her mighty ſtate,
Her ſplendid train of num'rous kings,
Her noble edifices, noble things,
Which made her ſeem ſo eminently great,
That barb'rous princes in her gates appear'd,
And wealthy preſents, as their tribute, brought
To court her friendſhip? for her ſtrength they fear'd,
And all her wide protection ſought.
But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
"See how her lofty buildings lie!
"See how her flaming turrets gild the ſky!"

II.

Where's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,
That on her feſtivals were us'd to play
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?
The glitt'ring troops which did from far
Bring home the trophies and the ſpoils of war,
Whom all the nations round with terror view'd,
Nor durſt their godlike valour try?
Where'er they fought they certainly ſubdu'd,
And ev'ry combat gain'd a victory.
Ah! where's the houſe of the Eternal King,
The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hoſts,
To whoſe large treaſuries our fleets did bring
The gold and jewels of remoteſt coaſts?
There had the infinite Creator plac'd
His terrible, amazing name,
And with his more peculiar preſence grac'd
That heav'nly *ſanctum* where no mortal came,
The high prieſt only; he but once a-year
In that divine apartment might appear;
So full of glory, and ſo ſacred, then;
But now corrupted with the heaps of ſlain
Which, ſcatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty [fane.

III.

Alas! Jeruſalem! each ſpacious ſtreet
Was once ſo fill'd, the num'rous throng
Was forc'd to joſtle as they paſs'd along,
And thouſands did with thouſands meet;
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat.

In thee was the bright throne of Juſtice fix'd,
Juſtice impartial, and with fraud unmix'd.
She ſcorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Deſpiſing the moſt wealthy bribes,
But did the ſacred balance hold
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well-built ſtreets and ev'ry noble ſquare
Were once with poliſh'd marble laid,
And all thy lofty bulwarks made
With wondrous labour and with artful care.
Thy pond'rous gates, ſurpriſing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with ſolid gold,
Whoſe ſplendour did ſo glorious appear,
It raviſh'd and amaz'd the eye,
And ſtrangers paſſing, to themſelves would cry,
" What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
" How thick the bars of maſſy ſilver lie!
" O happy people! and ſtill happy be,
" Celeſtial city! from deſtruction free,
" May'ſt thou enjoy a long entire proſperity!"

IV.

But now, O! wretched, wretched place!
Thy ſtreets and palaces are ſpread
With heaps of carcaſſes, and mountains of the dead,
The bleeding relics of the Jewiſh race:
Each corner of the town, no vacant ſpace;
But is with breathleſs bodies fill'd,
Some by the ſword and ſome by famine kill'd.
Natives and ſtrangers are together laid:

Death's arrows all at random flew
Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,
But both the coward and the valiant slew.
All in one dismal ruin join'd,
(For swords and pestilence are blind)
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find.
Those that from far, with joyful haste,
Came to attend thy festival,
Of the same bitter poison taste,
And by the black destructive poison fall,
For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.
Oh! see how the delight of human eyes
In horrid desolation lies!
See how the burning ruins flame,
Nothing now left but a sad empty name,
And the triumphant victor cries,
"This was the fam'd Jerusalem!"

V.

The most obdurate creature must
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,
Those ancient habitations of the just;
And could the marble rocks but know
The mis'ries of thy fatal overthrow,
They'd strive to find some secret way unknown,
Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,
Their pity and concern to show:
For now where lofty buildings stood
Thy sons' corrupted carcasses are laid,
And all by this destruction made
One common Golgotha, one field of blood.

See how theſe ancient men who rul'd thy ſtate,
And made thee happy, made thee great,
Who ſat upon the awful chair
Of mighty Moſes, in long ſcarlet clad,
The good to cheriſh and chaſtiſe the bad,
Now ſit in the corrupted air,
In ſilent melancholy, and in ſad deſpair!
See how their murder'd children round 'em lie!
Ah! diſmal ſcene! hark, how they cry!
"Woe! woe! one beam of mercy give,
"Good Heav'n! Alas! for we would live!
"Be pitiful, and ſuffer us to die!"
Thus they lament, thus beg for eaſe,
While in their feeble aged arms they hold
The bodies of their offſpring ſtiff and cold,
To guard 'em from the rav'nous ſavages,
Till their increaſing ſorrows Death perſuade
(For Death muſt ſure with pity ſee
The horrid deſolation he has made)
To put a period to their miſery.
Thy wretched daughters that ſurvive
Are by the Heathen kept alive
Only to gratify their luſt,
And then be mixed with the common duſt.
Oh! inſupportable, ſtupendous woe!
What ſhall we do? ah! whither ſhall we go?
Down to the grave, down to thoſe happy ſhades below
Where all our brave progenitors are bleſt
With endleſs triumph and eternal reſt.

VI.

But who, without a flood of tears, can ſee
Thy mournful ſad cataſtrophe?
Who can behold thy glorious Temple lie
In aſhes, and not be in pain to die?
Unhappy, dear Jeruſalem! thy woes
Have rais'd my griefs to ſuch a vaſt exceſs,
Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or words expreſs;
Nor can they poſſibly, while I ſurvive, be leſs.
Good Heav'n had been extremely kind
If it had ſtruck me dead, or ſtruck me blind,
Before this curſed time, this worſt of days.
Is Death quite tir'd? are all his arrows ſpent?
If not, why then ſo many dull delays?
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be ſent!
Nay, at me only let ten thouſand fly,
Whoe'er ſhall wretchedly ſurvive, that I
May, happily, be ſure to die.
Yet ſtill we live, live in exceſs of pain;
Our friends and relatives are ſlain;
Nothing but ruins round us ſee,
Nothing but deſolation, woe, and miſery!
Nay, while we thus with bleeding hearts complain,
Our enemies without prepare
Their direful engines to purſue the war,
And you may ſlaviſhly preſerve your breath,
Or ſeek for freedom in the arms of Death.

VII.

Thus then reſolve, nor tremble at the thought;
Can glory be too dearly bought?
Since the Almighty wiſdom has decreed
That we and all our progeny ſhould bleed,
It ſhall be after ſuch a noble way,
Succeeding ages will with wonder view
What brave deſpair compell'd us to:
No, we will ne'er ſurvive another day.
Bring then your wives, your children, all
That 's valuable, good, or dear,
With ready hands, and place 'em here;
They ſhall unite in one vaſt funeral.
I know your courages are truly brave,
And dare do any thing but ill:
Who would an aged father ſave,
That he may live in chains, and be a ſlave,
Or for remorſeleſs enemies to kill?
Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow;
For what at any other time would be
The dire effect of rage and cruelty,
Is mercy, tenderneſs, and pity, now.
This, then, perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,
And there, amidſt our ſlaughter'd foes, expire.
If 'tis revenge and glory you deſire,
Now you may have them if you dare but die;
Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity.

REASON.

UNHAPPY man! who, thro' fucceffive years,
From early youth to life's laft childhood errs;
No fooner born but proves a foe to truth,
For infant Reafon is o'erpow'r'd in youth.
The cheats of fenfe will half our learning fhare,
And preconceptions all our knowledge are.
Reafon, 'tis true, fhould over fenfe prefide,
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
But falfe opinions, rooted in the mind,
Hoodwink the foul, and keep our reafon blind.
Reafon 's a taper which but faintly burns;
A languid flame, that glows and dies by turns:
We fee 't a little while, and but a little way;
We travel by its light, as men by day;
But quickly dying, it forfakes us foon,
Like morning-ftars, that never ftay till noon.
The foul can fcarce above the body rife,
And all we fee is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does fcarce one glimpfe of light difplay;
We mourn in darknefs, and defpair of day:
That nat'ral light, once drefs'd with orient beams,
Is now diminifh'd, and a twilight feems;
A mifcellaneous compofition, made
Of night and day, of funfhine and of fhade.

Thro' an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falſehood which for truth we took:
So rays projected from the eaſtern ſkies
Shew the falſe day before the ſun can riſe.
That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects and from ſenſe he gains:
He, like a wretched ſlave, muſt plod and ſweat,
By day muſt toil, by night that toil repeat;
And yet at laſt what little fruit he gains!
A beggar's harveſt, glean'd with mighty pains.
The paſſions ſtill predominant will rule,
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reaſon's ſchool;
Our underſtanding they with darkneſs fill,
Cauſe ſtrong corruptions, and pervert the will:
On theſe the ſoul, as on ſome flowing tide,
Muſt ſit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurry'd away; for how can be withſtood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood?
Be gone, falſe hopes! for all our learning's vain;
Can we be free where theſe the rule maintain?
Theſe are the tools of knowledge which we uſe;
The ſpirits heated will ſtrange things produce.
Tell me who e'er the paſſions could control,
Or from the body diſengage the ſoul:
Till this is done our beſt purſuits are vain
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain.
Thro' all the bulky volumes of the dead,
And thro' thoſe books that modern times have bred,

With pain we travel, as thro' moorifh ground,
Where fcarce one ufeful plant is ever found;
O'er-run with errors, which fo thick appear,
Our fearch proves vain, no fpark of truth is there.
What's all the noify jargon of the fchools
But idle nonfenfe of laborious fools,
Who fetter Reafon with perplexing rules?
What in Aquinas' bulky works are found
Does not enlighten Reafon, but confound.
Who travels Scotus' fwelling tomes fhall find
A cloud of darknefs rifing on the mind.
In controverted points can Reafon fway,
When paffion or conceit ftill hurries us away?
Thus his new notions Sherlock would inftill,
And clear the greateft myfteries at will,
But by unlucky wit perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.
South foon oppos'd him, out of Chriftian zeal,
Shewing how well he could difpute and rail.
How fhall we e'er difcover which is right,
When both fo eagerly maintain the fight?
Each does the other's arguments deride;
Each has the church and Scripture on his fide:
The fharp ill-natur'd combat's but a jeft:
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the leaft.
How fhall we know which Articles are true,
The Old one's of the church, or Burnet's New?

In paths uncertain and unſafe he treads,
Who blindly follows others' fertile heads.
What ſure, what certain, mark have we to know
The right or wrong 'twixt Burgeſs, Wake, and Howe?
Should untun'd Nature crave the medic art,
What health can that contentious tribe impart?
Ev'ry phyſician writes a diff'rent bill,
And gives no other reaſon but his will.
No longer boaſt your art, ye impious race!
Let wars 'twixt alcalies and acids ceaſe,
And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely gueſs;
To-day they've good, to-morrow no ſucceſs.
Ev'n Garth and Maurus * ſometimes ſhall prevail,
When Gibſon, learned Hannes, and Tyſon, fail.
And, more than once, we've ſeen that blund'ring S—ne,
Miſſing the gout, by chance has hit the ſtone;
The patient does the lucky error find;
A cure he works, tho' not the cure deſign'd.
Cuſtom, the world's great idol, we adore,
And knowing this we ſeek to know no more.
What education did at firſt receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe:
The careful nurſe and prieſt are all we need,
To learn opinions and our country's creed:
The parents' precepts early are inſtill'd,
And ſpoil the man, while they inſtruct the child.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

To what hard fate is human-kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith's a virtue made,
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what cuſtom ſeals?
Thus from the time we firſt began to know
We live and learn, but not the wiſer grow.
  We ſeldom uſe our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by univerſal light;
Our prepoſſeſſions and affections bind
The ſoul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
And if ſelf-int'reſt be but in the caſe,
Our unexamin'd principles may paſs.
Good Heav'ns! that man ſhould thus himſelf deceive,
To learn on credit, and on truſt believe!
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But ſtill a fair unwritten blank remain'd:
For now, who truth from falſehood would diſcern,
Muſt firſt diſrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once remov'd, will ſmooth the way to truth.
To diſpoſſeſs the child the mortal lives,
But death approaches ere the man arrives.
  Thoſe who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
The dear-bought purchaſe of the trading mind,
From many dangers muſt themſelves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean muſt be voyag'd o'er
To gain a proſpect of the ſhining ſhore?

Refifting rocks oppofe th' inquiring foul,
And adverfe waves retard it as they roll.
Does not that foolifh deference we pay
To men that liv'd long fince our paffage ftay?
What odd prepoft'rous paths at firft we tread,
And learn to walk by ftumbling on the dead?
Firft we a bleffing from the grave implore,
Worfhip old urns, and monuments adore;
The rev'rend fage, with vaft efteem, we prize;
He liv'd long fince, and muft be wondrous wife.
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead
For all thofe errors which their fancies bred:
Errors indeed! for real knowledge ftay'd
With thofe firft times, not farther was convey'd,
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float;
But folid truth fcarce ever gains the fhore,
So foon it finks, and ne'er emerges more.
Suppofe thofe many dreadful dangers paft,
Will knowledge dawn, and blefs the mind at laft?
Ah! no; 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undifcover'd lies.
Truth, like a fingle point, efcapes the fight,
And claims attention to perceive it right:
But what refembles truth is foon defcry'd,
Spread like a furface and expanded wide.
The firft man rarely, very rarely, finds
The tedious fearch of long inquiring minds:

But yet what 's worſe, we know not when we err;
What mark does truth, what bright diſtinction, bear?
How do we know that what we know is true?
How ſhall we falſehood fly, and truth purſue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge boaſt,
'Tis all but probability at moſt:
This is the eaſy purchaſe of the mind,
The vulgar's treaſure, which we ſoon may find:
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glitt'ring gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

PINDARIC ESSAYS.

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

------- Sed omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda ſemel via lethi. HOR.

I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death
Our ſtate no alteration knows,
But when we have reſign'd our breath
Th' immortal ſpirit goes
To endleſs joys or everlaſting woes,
Wiſe is the man who labours to ſecure
That mighty and important ſtake,
And by all methods ſtrives to make
His paſſage ſafe and his reception ſure.
Merely to die no man of reaſon fears,
For certainly we muſt,
As we are born, return to duſt;
'Tis the laſt point of many ling'ring years:
But whither then we go,
Whither we fain would know;
But human underſtanding cannot ſhow;

This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehenſions in the mind,
Fills it with reſtleſs doubts and wild debates
Concerning what we living cannot find.
None know what death is but the dead,
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
As a ſtrange doubtful way we know not how to tread.

II.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black painful hour to live,
No hopes, no proſpect, of a kind reprieve
To ſtop our ſpeedy paſſage to the tomb,
How moving and how mournful is the ſight!
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous ſad!
Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night
To cheer our drooping ſouls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and languiſhing in bed we lie,
Deſpairing to recover, void of reſt,
Wiſhing for death, and yet afraid to die;
Terrors and doubts diſtract our breaſt,
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppreſt.

III.

Our face is moiſten'd with a clammy ſweat,
Faint and irregular the pulſes beat;
The blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat:

Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
Their light juſt going out,
And for ſome kind aſſiſtance call;
But pity, uſeleſs pity, 's all
Our weeping friends can give
Or we receive;
Tho' their deſires are great their pow'rs are ſmall.
The tongue 's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miſeries, we bear,
How inſupportable our torments are.
Muſic no more delights our deaf'ning ears,
Reſtores our joys, or diſſipates our fears,
But all is melancholy, all is ſad,
In robes of deepeſt mourning clad;
For ev'ry faculty and ev'ry ſenſe
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

IV.

Then we are ſenſible, too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great;
For all the fulſome pride and pageantry of ſtate
No conſolation brings;
Riches and honours then are uſeleſs things,
Taſteleſs or bitter all,
And like the book which the Apoſtle ate,
To the ill-judging palate ſweet,
But turn at laſt to nauſeouſneſs and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping ſpirits cheer
But the remembrance of good actions paſt:
Virtue 's a joy that will for ever laſt,

And makes pale Death leſs terrible appear,
Takes out his baneful ſting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark antichamber of the grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our care and induſtry hath gain'd,
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)
Could we recall thoſe fatal hours again
Which we conſum'd in ſenſeleſs vanities,
Ambitious follies, or luxurious eaſe;
For then they urge our terrors and increaſe our pain.

V.

Our friends and relatives ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in tears, to ſee us die,
And plunge into the deep abyſs of wide eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their ſorrows cannot ours relieve:
They pity our deplorable eſtate;
But what, alas! can pity do
To ſoften the decrees of Fate?
Beſides, the ſentence is irrevocable too.
All their endeavours to preſerve our breath,
Tho' they do unſucceſsful prove,
Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of death.
Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed;
One, with officious haſte,
Brings us a cordial we want ſenſe to taſte;
Another ſoftly raiſes up our head;

This wipes away the ſweat; that, ſighing, cries,
"See what convulſions, what ſtrong agonies,
"Both ſoul and body undergo!
"His pains no intermiſſion know,
"For ev'ry gaſp of air he draws returns in ſighs."
Each would his kind aſſiſtance lend
To ſave his dear relation or his dearer friend,
But ſtill in vain with Deſtiny they all contend.

VI.

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, "Adieu!
"Adieu, my child! now I muſt follow you;"
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our ſons, who in their tender years
Were objects of our cares and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
"Bleſs us, O Father! now before you die;
"Bleſs us, and be you bleſs'd to all eternity."
Our friend, whom equal to ourſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, "Will you leave me here behind?
"Without me fly to the bleſs'd ſeats above?
"Without me, did I ſay? ah! no;
"Without thy friend thou canſt not go;
"For tho' thou leav'ſt me grov'lling here below,
"My ſoul with thee ſhall upward fly,
"And bear thy ſpirit company
"Thro' the bright paſſage of the yielding ſky.

"Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyſelf, ſhall be
"Incapable to ſeparate
"(For 'tis not in the pow'r of Fate)
"My friend, my beſt, my deareſt, friend and me;
"But ſince it muſt be ſo, farewell,
"For ever! No; for we ſhall meet again,
"And live like gods, tho' now we die like men,
"In the eternal regions where juſt ſpirits dwell.

VII.

The ſoul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitleſs and unequal ſtrife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain
To keep the counterſcarpe of life,
By ſlow degrees retires towards the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With all the kind artilleries of art,
Botanic legions guarding ev'ry port;
But Death, whoſe arms no mortal can repel,
A formal ſiege diſdains to lay,
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
And in a minute ſtorms the feeble citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a ſolid peace;
But 'tis all ſham, all artifice,
That we may negligent and careleſs be;
For if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable and all is clear,
His troops return ſome unſuſpected way;

While in the ſoft embrace of Sleep we lie,
The ſecret murd'rers ſtab us and we die.

VIII.

Since our firſt parents' fall
Inevitable death deſcends on all,
A portion none of human race can miſs;
But that which makes it ſweet or bitter is
The fears of miſery or certain hopes of bliſs:
For when th' impenitent and wicked die,
Loaded with crimes and infamy,
If any ſenſe at that ſad time remains,
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains,
The earneſt of that vaſt ſtupendous woe
Which they to all eternity muſt undergo,
Confin'd in hell with everlaſting chains.
Infernal ſpirits hover in the air,
Like rav'nous wolves, to ſeize upon the prey,
And hurry the departed ſouls away
To the dark receptacles of deſpair,
Where they muſt dwell till that tremendous day
When the loud trump ſhall call them to appear
Before a Judge moſt terrible and moſt ſevere,
By whoſe juſt ſentence they muſt go
To everlaſting pains and endleſs woe.

IX.

But the good man, whoſe ſoul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free

From all the ugly ſtains of luſt and villany,
Of mercy and of pardon ſure,
Looks thro' the darkneſs of the gloomy night,
And ſees the dawning of a glorious day;
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
His ſoul whene'er ſhe takes her flight
To the ſurpriſing manſions of immortal light:
Then the celeſtial guards around him ſtand,
Nor ſuffer the black demons of the air
T' oppoſe his paſſage to the promis'd land,
Or terrify his thoughts with wild deſpair,
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His pray'rs, his charity, his virtues, preſs
To plead for mercy when he wants it moſt;
Not one of all the happy number's loſt,
And thoſe bright advocates ne'er want ſucceſs:
But when the ſoul's releas'd from dull mortality,
She paſſes up in triumph thro' the ſky,
Where ſhe's united to a glorious throng
Of angels, who, with a celeſtial ſong,
Congratulate her conqueſt as ſhe flies along.

X.

If, therefore, all muſt quit the ſtage,
When or how ſoon we cannot know,
But late or early we are ſure to go,
In the freſh bloom of youth or wither'd age,
We cannot take too ſedulous a care
In this important grand affair,

For as we die we must remain;
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our peace with Heav'n, or to return again.
The Heathen, who no better understood
Than what the light of Nature taught, declar'd
No future misery could be prepar'd
For the sincere, the merciful, the good;
But if there was a state of rest,
They should with the same happiness be blest
As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possest.
We have the promise of eternal Truth,
Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
To man and to their Maker true,
Let 'em expire in age or youth,
Can never miss
Their way to everlasting bliss;
But from a world of misery and care
To mansions of eternal ease repair,
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endless circle moves
Thro' the vast round of beatific love,
Which no cessation knows.

ON THE

GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,

AND

ENSUING JUDGMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Eſſe quoque in fatis, reminiſcitur, affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operoſa laboret. OVID. MET.

I.

Now the black days of univerſal doom,
Which wondrous propheſies foretold, are come:
What ſtrong convulſions, what ſtupendous woe,
Muſt ſinking Nature undergo,
Amidſt the dreadful wreck and final overthrow!
Methinks I hear her, conſcious of her fate,
With fearful groans and hideous cries
Fill the preſaging ſkies,
Unable to ſupport the weight
Or of the preſent or approaching miſeries.
Methinks I hear her ſummon all
Her guilty offſpring, raving with deſpair,
And trembling, cry aloud, "Prepare,
"Ye ſublunary Pow'rs! t'attend my funeral."

II.

See! ſee the tragical portents,
Thoſe diſmal harbingers of dire events,

Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
Thro' the dark concave of the troubled ſky;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.
See how the glaring meteors blaze!
Like baleful torches, O, they come,
To light diſſolving Nature to her tomb!
And, ſcatt'ring round their peſtilential rays,
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.
Vaſt ſheets of flame and globes of fire,
By an impetuous wind, are driven
Thro' all the regions of th' inferior heav'n,
Till hid in ſulph'rous ſmoke they ſeemingly expire.

III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to ſee
What mad confuſion rages over all
This ſcorching ball!
No country is exempt, no nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic miſery.
What diſmal havoc of mankind is made
By wars, and peſtilence, and dearth,
Thro' the whole mournful earth,
Which with a murd'ring fury they invade,
Forſook by Providence and all propitious aid!
Whilſt fiends let looſe their utmoſt rage employ
To ruin all things here below;
Their malice and revenge no limits know,
But in the univerſal tumult all deſtroy.

IV.

Diſtracted mortals from their cities fly
For ſafety to their champaign ground;
But there no ſafety can be found;
The vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting fury, does incloſe them round:
And whilſt for mercy ſome aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before;
And others, raving with their woe,
(For hunger, thirſt, deſpair, they undergo)
Blaſpheme and curſe the pow'r they ſhould adore:
The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends,
And op'ning wide a dreadful tomb,
The howling multitude at once deſcends
Together all into her burning womb.

V.

The trembling Alps abſcond their aged heads
In mighty pillars of infernal ſmoke,
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
And ſuffocates whole nations where it ſpreads.
Sometimes the fire within divides
The maſſy rivers of thoſe ſecret chains
Which hold together their prodigious ſides,
And hurls the ſhatter'd rocks o'er all the plains,
While towns and cities, ev'ry thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the ſame burſt of woe.

VI.

No ſhow'rs deſcend from the malignant ſky
To cool the burning of the thirſty field;
The trees no leaves, no graſs the meadows, yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little rivulets no more
To larger ſtreams their tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they,
Which, with a ſtrange unuſual roar,
Forſakes thoſe ancient bounds it would have paſs'd be- [fore,
And to the monſtrous deep in vain retires:
For ev'n the deep itſelf is not ſecure,
But, belching ſubterraneous fires,
Increaſes ſtill the ſcalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

VII.

The ſun, by ſympathy, concern'd
At thoſe convulſions, pangs, and agonies,
Which on the whole creation ſeize,
Is to ſubſtantial darkneſs turn'd.
The neighb'ring moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tott'ring orb, appears
Like a huge maſs of black corrupting blood,
For ſhe herſelf a diſſolution fears.
The larger planets, which once ſhone ſo bright
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their centre, without motion lie
Unwieldy globes of ſolid night,
And ruinous lumber of the ſky.

VIII.

Amidſt this dreadful hurricane of woes
(For fire, confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Fill ev'ry region of the tortur'd earth and air)
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;
At whoſe amazing ſound freſh agonies
Upon expiring Nature ſeize:
For now ſhe'll in few minutes know
Th' ultimate event and fate of all below.
Awake, ye dead! awake! he cries;
(For all muſt come)
All that had human breath, ariſe,
To hear your laſt unalterable doom!

IX.

At this the ghaſtly tyrant, who had ſway'd
So many thouſand ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his ſceptre hold,
But gave up all, and was himſelf a captive made.
The ſcatter'd particles of human clay,
Which in the ſilent grave's dark chambers lay,
Reſume their priſtine forms again,
And now from mortal grow immortal men.
Stupendous energy of ſacred pow'r!
Which can collect, wherever caſt,
The ſmalleſt atoms, and that ſhape reſtore
Which they had worn ſo many years before,
That thro' ſtrange accidents and num'rous changes
paſt.

X.

See how the joyful angels fly
From ev'ry quarter of the ſky,
To gather and to convoy all
The pious ſons of human race
To one capacious place,
Above the confines of this flaming ball.
See with what tenderneſs and love they bear
Thoſe righteous ſouls thro' the tumultuous air,
Whilſt the ungodly ſtand below,
Raging with ſhame, confuſion, and deſpair,
Amidſt the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer torments and acuter woe.
Round them infernal ſpirits howling fly;
"O horror! curſes! tortures! chains!" they cry,
And roar aloud with execrable blaſphemy.

XI.

Hark! how the daring ſons of Infamy,
Who once diſſolv'd in pleaſures lay,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day,
To rocks and mountains now to hide 'em cry;
But rocks and mountains all in aſhes lie.
Their ſhame's ſo mighty, and ſo ſtrong their fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongſt the burning ruins of the world,
And lie conceal'd, if poſſible, for ever there.
Time was they would not own a Deity,

Nor after death a future ſtate;
But now, by ſad experience, find too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face they'd ceaſe to be.
And ſure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give conſent,
To have no being; but they muſt remain
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpreſſible, ſtupendous puniſhment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet muſt be underwent!

XII.

But now the eaſtern ſkies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent deſcends,
And to the ſublunary world his paſſage bends,
Where, cloath'd with human nature, he did once reſide.
Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs ſing,
With ſongs of praiſe, and hymns of victory,
To their celeſtial King;
"All glory, pow'r, dominion, majeſty,
"Now, and for everlaſting ages, be
"To the eſſential One and co-eternal Three.
"Periſh that world, as 'tis decreed,
"Which ſaw the God incarnate bleed!
"Periſh, by thy almighty vengeance, thoſe
"Who durſt thy perſon or thy laws expoſe;
"The curſed refuſe of mankind, and hell's proud ſeed.
"Now to the unbelieving nations ſhow
"Thou art a God from all eternity;
"Not titular, or but by office ſo;

"And let 'em the myſterious union ſee
"Of human nature with the Deity."

XIII.

With mighty tranſports, yet with awful fears,
The good behold this glorious ſight;
Their God in all his majeſty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And ſeated on a throne of everlaſting light.
Round the tribunal, next to the moſt High,
In ſacred diſcipline and order, ſtand
The peers and princes of the ſky,
As they excel in glory or command.
Upon the right hand that illuſtrious crowd,
In the white boſom of a ſhining cloud,
Whoſe ſouls, abhorring all ignoble crimes,
Did, with a ſteady courſe, purſue
His holy precepts in the worſt of times,
Maugre what earth or hell, what men or devils, could do.
And now that God they did to death adore,
For whom ſuch torments and ſuch pains they bore,
Returns to place them on thoſe thrones above,
Where, undiſturb'd, uncloy'd, they will poſſeſs
Divine ſubſtantial happineſs,
Unbounded as his pow'r, and laſting as his love.

XIV.

"Go, bring," the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
"Thoſe rebel ſons who did my laws deſpiſe;

" Whom neither threats nor promifes could move,
" Not all my fufferings, nor all my love,
" To fave themfelves from everlafting miferies."
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the fwifteft thought,
And lefs than in an inftant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal, crew;
Who, with diftorted afpects, come
To hear their fad intolerable doom.
" Alas!" they cry, " one beam of mercy fhow,
" Thou all-forgiving Deity!
" To pardon crimes is natural to thee;
" Crufh us to nothing, or fufpend our woe:
" But if it cannot, cannot be,
" And we muft go into a gulf of fire,
" (For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
" Grant, for thou art a God, it may at laft expire,
" And all our tortures have an end.
" Eternal burnings, O! we cannot bear,
" Tho' now our bodies too immortal are.
" Let 'em be pungent to the laft degree;
" And let our pains innumerable be;
" But let 'em not extend to all eternity!"

XV.

Lo! now there does no place remain
For penitence and tears, but all
Muft by their actions ftand or fall:
To hope for pity is in vain;
The die is caft, and not to be recall'd again.

Two mighty books are by two angels brought:
In this, impartially recorded, stands
The law of Nature, and divine commands;
In that, each action, word, and thought,
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.
Then first the virtuous and the good,
Who all the fury of temptation stood,
And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, chains, and blood,
Attended by their guardian angels, come
To the tremendous bar of final doom.
In vain the grand Accuser, railing, brings
A long indictment of enormous things,
Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
No more to their astonishment appears,
But in the secret womb of dark Oblivion lies.

XVI.

"Come now, my Friends!" he cries; "ye sons of Grace,
"Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,
"Despis'd and hated for my name;
"Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace!
"Ascend, and those bright diadems possess,
"For you by my eternal Father made
"Ere the foundation of the world was laid;
"And that surprising happiness,
"Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less,
"For when I languishing in prison lay,
"Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,

" You did your kindly viſits pay,
" Both cloath'd my body, and my hunger fed.
" Weary'd with ſickneſs, or oppreſs'd with grief,
" Your hand was always ready to ſupply;
" Whene'er I wanted, you were always by
" To ſhare my ſorrows or to give relief.
" In all diſtreſs ſo tender was your love,
" I could no anxious trouble bear;
" No black misfortune or vexatious care,
" But you were ſtill impatient to remove,
" And mourn'd your charitable hand ſhould unſucceſsful prove.
" All this you did, tho' not to me
" In perſon, yet to mine in miſery;
" And ſhall for ever live
" In all the glories that a God can give,
" Or a created being 's able to receive."

XVII.

At this the architects divine on high
Innumerable thrones of glory raiſe,
On which they, in appointed order, place
The human coheirs of eternity,
And with united hymns the God incarnate praiſe:
" O holy, holy, holy Lord,
" Eternal God, almighty One,
" Be thou for ever, and be thou alone,
" By all thy creatures conſtantly ador'd!
" Ineffable coequal Three,
" Who from nonentity gave birth

"To angels and to men, to heav'n and to earth,
"Yet always waſt thyſelf, and wilt for ever be.
"But for thy mercy we had ne'er poſſeſt
"Theſe thrones, and this immenſe felicity
"Could ne'er have been ſo infinitely bleſt:
"Therefore all glory, pow'r, dominion, majeſty,
"To thee, O Lamb of God! to thee
"For ever, longer than for ever, be."

XVIII.

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
To thoſe upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance flaſhing in his eyes)
"Ye impious, unbelieving race!
"To thoſe eternal torments go,
"Prepar'd for thoſe rebellious ſons of light,
"In burning darkneſs and in flaming night,
"Which ſhall no limit or ceſſation know,
"But always are extreme, and always will be ſo."
The final ſentence paſs'd, a dreadful cloud
Incloſing all the miſerable crowd,
A mighty hurricane of thunder roſe,
And hurl'd 'em all into a lake of fire,
Which never, never, never, can expire,
The vaſt abyſs of endleſs woes;
Whilſt with their God the righteous mount on high,
In glorious triumph paſſing thro' the ſky,
To joys immenſe, and everlaſting ecſtaſy.

DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR,

THE LAST EPIPHANY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

On Christ's second appearance to judge the world.

I.

Adieu, ye toyish reeds! that once could please
My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease:
Be gone; I'll waste no more vain hours with you;
And smiling Sylvia too, adieu;
A brighter pow'r invokes my Muse,
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.
See! beck'ning from yon' cloud, he stands,
And promises assistance with his hands.
I feel the heavy rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.
How my breast heaves and pulses beat!
I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat;
The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
And overflowing joys profusely waste.
Some nobler bard, O sacred Pow'r! inspire,
Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive;
And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,
And each gay following charm from death to save!
—In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;
I rave, with ecstasies opprest;

I riſe, the mountains leſſen and retire;
And now I mix, unſing'd, with elemental fire;
The leading Deity I have in view,
Nor mortal knows as yet what wonders will enſue.

II.

We paſs'd thro' regions of unſully'd light;
I gaz'd and ſicken'd at the bliſsful ſight;
A ſhudd'ring paleneſs ſeiz'd my look;
At laſt the poſt flew off, and thus I ſpoke:
"Say, ſacred Guide! ſhall this bright clime
"Survive the fatal teſt of time,
"Or periſh with our mortal globe below,
"When yon' ſun no longer ſhines?"
Straight I finiſh'd—veiling low:
The viſionary Pow'r rejoins,
"'Tis not for you to aſk, nor mine to ſay,
"The niceties of that tremendous day.
"Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,
"And finiſh'd are the radiant journies of the ſun,
"The great deciſive morn ſhall riſe,
"And heav'n's bright Judge appear in op'ning ſkies;
"Eternal grace and juſtice he'll beſtow
"On all the trembling world below."

III.

He ſaid; I muſ'd; and thus return'd:
"What enſigns, courteous Stranger! tell,
"Shall the brooding day reveal?"
He anſwer'd mild——

" Already, ſtupid with their crimes,
" Blind mortals proſtrate to their idols lie!
" Such were the boding times,
" Ere ruin blaſted from the ſluicy ſky;
" Diſſolv'd they lay in fulſome eaſe,
" And revell'd in luxuriant peace;
" In Bacchanals they did their hours conſume,
" And Bacchanals led on their ſwift advancing doom.

IV.

" Adult'rate chriſts already riſe,
" And dare t' aſſwage the angry ſkies;
" Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
" And from the croſs, alas! he does neglected ſigh;
" The antichriſtian pow'r has rais'd his hydra head,
" And ruin, only leſs than Jeſus' health, does ſpread.
" So long the gore thro' poiſon'd veins has flow'd,
" That ſcarcely ranker is a Fury's blood;
" Yet ſpecious artifice and fair diſguiſe
" The monſter's ſhape and curs'd deſign belies:
" A fiend's black venom in an angel's mien
" He quaffs, and ſcatters the contagious ſpleen;
" Straight, when he finiſhes his lawleſs reign,
" Nature ſhall paint the ſhining ſcene,
" Quick as the lightning which inſpires the train.

V.

" Forward Confuſion ſhall provoke the fray,
" And Nature from her ancient order ſtray;

" Black tempeſts, gath'ring from the ſeas around,
" In horrid ranges ſhall advance;
" And as they march, in thickeſt ſables drown'd,
" The rival thunder from the clouds ſhall ſound,
" And lightnings join the fearful dance:
" The bluſt'ring armies o'er the ſkies ſhall ſpread,
" And univerſal terror ſhed;
" Loud iſſuing peals and riſing ſheets of ſmoke
" Th' encumber'd region of the air ſhall choke;
" The noiſy main ſhall laſh the ſuff'ring ſhore,
" And from the rocks the breaking billows roar;
" Black thunder burſts, blue lightning burns,
" And melting worlds to heaps of aſhes turns;
" The foreſts ſhall beneath the tempeſt bend,
" And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

VI.

" Reverſe all Nature's web ſhall run,
" And ſpotleſs miſrule all around
" Order, its flying foe, confound,
" Whilſt backward all the threads ſhall haſte to be un-
" Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand [ſpun.
" (The wand with which, ere time begun,
" His wand'ring ſlaves he did command,
" And made 'em ſcamper right, and in rude ranges
" The hoſtile harmony ſhall chace, [run)
" And as the nymph reſigns her place,
" And, panting, to the neighb'ring refuge flies,
" The formleſs ruffian ſlaughters with his eyes,

" And following, ſtorms the perching dame's retreat,
" Adding the terror of his threat;
" The globe ſhall faintly tremble round,
" And backward jolt, diſtorted with the wound.

VII.

" Swath'd in ſubſtantial ſhrowds of night,
" The ſick'ning ſun ſhall from the world retire,
" Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire,
" Which, dangling, once ſhed round a laviſh flood of
" No frail eclipſe, but all eſſential ſhade, [light;
" Not yielding to primeval gloom,
" Whilſt day was yet an embryo in the womb;
" Nor glimm'ring in its ſource with ſilver ſtreamers
" A jetty mixture of the darkneſs ſpread [play'd,
" O'er murm'ring Egypt's head;
" And that which angels drew
" O'er Nature's face when Jeſus dy'd,
" Which ſleeping ghoſts for this miſtook,
" And riſing, off their hanging ſun'rals ſhook,
" And fleeting paſs'd, expos'd their bloodleſs breaſts
to view,
" Yet find it not ſo dark, and to their dormitories glide.

VIII.

" Now bolder fires appear,
" And o'er the palpable obſcurement ſport,
" Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
" Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' ethereal
court,

" And plung'd into the op'ning gulf of night:
" A ſabre of immortal flame I bore,
" And with this arm his flour'ſhing plume I tore,
" And ſtraight the fiend retreated from the fight.

IX.

" Mean-time the lambent prodigies on high
" Take gameſome meaſures in the ſky;
" Joy'd with his future feaſt the thunder roars
" In chorus to th' enormous harmony,
" And halloos to his offspring from ſulphureous ſtores,
" Applauding how they tilt and how they fly,
" And their each nimble turn and radiant embaſſy.

X.

" The moon turns paler at the ſight,
" And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
" The lightning with its livid tail,
" A train of glitt'ring terrors draws behind,
" Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
" Wing'd and blown on by ſtorms of wind,
" They ſhew the hideous leaps on either hand
" Of Night, that ſpreads her ebon curtains round,
" And there erects her royal ſtand,
" In ſev'n-fold winding jet her conſcious temples [bound.

XI.

" The ſtars next, ſtarting from their ſphere,
" In giddy revolutions leap and bound;
" Whilſt this with double fury glares,
" And meditates new wars,
" And wheels in ſportive gyres around,

" Its neighbour ſhall advance to fight,
" And while each offers to enlarge its right,
" The gen'ral ruin ſhall increaſe,
" And baniſh all the votaries of peace.
" No more the ſtars, with paler beams,
" Shall tremble o'er the midnight ſtreams,
" But travel downward to behold
" What mimics 'em ſo twinkling there,
" And, like Narciſſus, as they gain more near,
" For the lov'd image ſtraight expire,
" And agonize in warm deſire,
" Or ſlake their luſt as in the ſtream they roll.

XII.

" Whilſt the world burns, and all the orbs below
" In their viperous ruins glow,
" They ſink, and, unſupported, leave the ſkies,
" Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the noiſe:
" Then ſee th' almighty Judge, ſedate and bright,
" Cloath'd in imperial robes of light!
" His wings the wind, rough ſtorms the chariot bear,
" And nimbler harbingers before him fly,
" And with officious rudeneſs bruſh the air;
" Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
" In horrid ſport with one another vie,
" And leave behind quick-winding tracks of light;
" Then urging, to their ranks they cloſe,
" And ſhiv'ring, leſt they ſtart, a ſailing caravan compoſe.

XIII.

" The mighty Judge rides in tempeſtuous ſtate,
" Whilſt mighty guards his orders wait:
" His waving veſtments ſhine
" Bright as the ſun, which lately did its beams reſign,
" And burniſh'd wreaths of light ſhall make his form
divine.
" Strong beams of majeſty around his temples play,
" And the tranſcendent gaiety of his face allay:
" His Father's rev'rend characters he 'll wear,
" And both o'erwhelm with light and overawe with
" Myriads of angels ſhall be there, [fear.
" And I, perhaps, cloſe the tremendous rear:
" Angels, the firſt and faireſt ſons of day,
" Clad with eternal youth, and as their veſtments gay.

XIV.

" Nor for magnificence alone,
" To brighten and enlarge the pageant ſcene,
" Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
" And ſwell the luſtre of his pompous train:
" The nimble miniſters of bliſs or woe
" We ſhall attend, and ſave or deal the blow,
" As he admits to joy or bids to pain.

XV.

" The welcome news
" Thro' ev'ry angel's breaſt freſh raptures ſhall diffuſe.
" The day is come [doom:
" When Satan, with his pow'rs, ſhall ſink to endleſs

" No more ſhall we his hoſtile troops purſue
" From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

XVI.

" Then Raphael, big with life, the trump ſhall ſound;
" From falling ſpheres the joyful muſic ſhall rebound,
" And ſeas and ſhores ſhall catch and propagate it
round:
" Louder he'll blow, and it ſhall ſpeak more ſhrill,
" Than when, from Sinai's hill,
" In thunder, thro' the horrid redd'ning ſmoke
" Th' Almighty ſpoke.
" We'll ſhout around with martial joy,
" And thrice the vaulted ſkies ſhall rend, and thrice our
" Then firſt th' archangel's voice aloud [ſhouts reply.
" Shall cheerfully ſalute the day and throng,
" And hallelujahs fill the crowd,
" And I, perhaps, ſhall cloſe the ſong.

XVII.

" From its long ſleep all human race ſhall riſe,
" And ſee the morn and Judge advancing in the ſkies;
" To their old tenements the ſouls return, [ſcends.
" Whilſt down the ſteep of heav'n as ſwift the Judge de-
" Theſe look illuſtrious bright, no more to mourn;
" Whilſt, ſee! diſtracted looks yon' ſtalking ſhades
" The ſaints no more ſhall conflict on the deep, [attend.
" Nor rugged waves inſult the lab'ring ſhip,
" But from the wreck in triumph they ariſe,
" And borne to bliſs ſhall tread empyreal ſkies."

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

> Εἷς ἐςιν Θεὸς
> Ὃς οὐρανὸν τέτυχε καὶ γαῖαν μακράν. SOPHOC.

I. UNITY. ETERNITY.

WHENCE ſprung this glorious frame? or when began
Things to exiſt? they could not always be:
To what ſtupendous energy
Shall we aſcribe the origin of man?
That cauſe from whence all beings elſe aroſe
Muſt ſelf-exiſtent be alone,
Entirely perfect, and but one;
Nor equal nor ſuperior knows:
Two Firſts, in reaſon, we can ne'er ſuppoſe:
If that, in falſe opinion, we allow
That once there abſolutely nothing was,
Then nothing could be now;
For by what inſtrument, or how,
Shall nonexiſtence to exiſtence paſs?
Thus ſomething muſt from everlaſting be,
Or matter or a deity.
If matter only uncreate we grant,
We ſhall volition, wit, and reaſon, want,
An agent infinite, and action free.
Whence does volition, whence does reaſon, flow?
How came we to reflect, deſign, and know?

This from a nobler nature ſprings,
Diſtinct in eſſence from material things,
For thoughtleſs matter cannot thought beſtow:
But if we own a God ſupreme,
And all perfection's poſſible in him,
In him does boundleſs excellence reſide,
Pow'r to create, and providence to guide;
Unmade himſelf, could no beginning have,
But to all ſubſtance prime exiſtence gave;
Can what he will deſtroy, and what he pleaſes ſave.

II. POWER.

The undeſigning hand of giddy Chance
Could never fill with globes of light,
So beautiful and ſo amazing bright,
The lofty concave of the vaſt expanſe:
Theſe could proceed from no leſs pow'r than infinite.
There's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
Nor eſſence intellectual, but took
Exiſtence when the great Creator ſpoke,
And from the common womb of empty nothing came.
"Let ſubſtance be," he cry'd, and ſtraight aroſe 41
Angelic and corporeal too;
All that material nature ſhows,
And what does things inviſible compoſe,
At the ſame inſtant ſprung, and into being flew.
Mount to the convex of the higheſt ſphere,
Which draws a mighty circle round,
Th' interior orbs, as their capacious bound,

There millions of new miracles appear;
There dwell the eldeſt ſons of Pow'r immenſe,
Who firſt were to perfection wrought,
Firſt to complete exiſtence brought,
To whom their Maker did diſpenſe
The largeſt portions of created excellence:
Eternal now, not of neceſſity,
As if they could not ceaſe to be,
Or were from poſſible deſtruction free,
But on the will of God depend;
For that which could begin can end:
Who when the lower worlds were made,
Without the leaſt miſcarriage or defect,
By the almighty Architect,
United adoration paid,
And with ecſtatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

III.

Philoſophy of old in vain eſſay'd
To tell us how this mighty frame
Into ſuch beauteous order came,
But by falſe reas'nings falſe foundations laid:
She labour'd hard, but ſtill the more ſhe wrought
The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.
Sometimes ſhe fancy'd things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And in the form which now they are
From everlaſting ages were.

Sometimes the caſual event
Of atoms floating in a ſpace immenſe,
Void of all wiſdom, rule, and ſenſe,
But by a lucky accident
Jumbled into this ſcheme of wondrous excellence.
'Twas an eſtabliſh'd article of old,
Chief of the philoſophic creed,
And does in natural productions hold,
That from mere nothing nothing could proceed.
Material ſubſtance never could have roſe
If ſome exiſtence had not been before,
In wiſdom infinite, immenſe in pow'r.
Whate'er is made a maker muſt ſuppoſe,
As an effect a cauſe that could produce it ſhows.
Nature and art, indeed, have bounds aſſign'd,
And only forms to things, not being, give;
That from Omnipotence they muſt receive:
But the eternal ſelf-exiſtent Mind
Can, with a ſingle fiat, cauſe to be
All that the wondrous eye ſurveys,
And all it cannot ſee.
Nature may ſhape a beauteous tree,
And art a noble palace raiſe,
But muſt not to creative pow'r aſpire;
That their God alone can claim,
As pre-exiſting ſubſtance doth require;
So where they nothing find can nothing frame.

IV. WISDOM.

Matter produc'd had ſtill a chaos been,
For jarring elements engag'd
Eternal battles would have wag'd,
And fill'd with endleſs horror the tumultuous ſcene,
If Wiſdom infinite, for leſs
Could not the vaſt prodigious embryo wield,
Or ſtrength complete to lab'ring Nature yield,
Had not, with actual addreſs,
Compos'd the bellowing hurry and eſtabliſh'd peace.
Whate'er this viſible creation ſhows
That 's lovely, uniform, and bright,
That gilds the morning or adorns the night,
To her its eminence and beauty owes.
By her all creatures have their ends aſſign'd,
Proportion'd to their nature and their kind,
To which they ſteadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reaſon's high command,
Or guided by the ſecret hand
Of real inſtinct or imaginary chance.
Nothing but men reject her ſacred rules,
Who from the end of their creation fly,
And deviate into miſery;
As if the liberty to act like fools
Were the chief cauſe that Heav'n made 'em free.

V. PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blaſphemous the man,
Who, finite, will attempt to ſcan

The works of Him that's infinitely wiſe,
And thoſe he cannot comprehend denies;
As if a ſpace immenſe were meaſurable by a ſpan.
Thus the proud ſceptic will not own
That Providence the world directs,
Or its affairs inſpects,
But leaves it to itſelf alone.
How does it with almighty grandeur ſuit,
To be concern'd with our impertinence,
Or interpoſe his pow'r for the defence
Of a poor mortal or a ſenſeleſs brute?
Villains could never ſo ſucceſsful prove,
And unmoleſted in thoſe pleaſures live,
Which honour, eaſe, and affluence, give,
While ſuch as Heav'n adore, and virtue love,
And moſt the care of Providence deſerve,
Oppreſs'd with pain and ignominy ſtarve.
What reaſon can the wiſeſt ſhow
Why murder does unpuniſh'd go,
If the Moſt High, that's juſt and good,
Intends and governs all below,
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltleſs blood?
But ſhall we things unſearchable deny,
Becauſe our reaſon cannot tell us why
They are allow'd or acted by the Deity?
'Tis equally above the reach of thought
To comprehend how matter ſhould be brought

From nothing, as exiſtent be
From all eternity,
And yet that matter is we feel and ſee;
Nor is it eaſier to define
What ligatures the ſoul and body join,
Or how the mem'ry does th' impreſſion take
Of things, and to the mind reſtores 'em back.

VI.

Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
Direct and govern this capacious all,
How ſoon would things into confuſion fall!
Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,
And blazing comets rule the troubled air;
Wide inundations, with reſiſtleſs force,
The lower provinces o'erflow,
In ſpite of all that human ſtrength could do,
To ſtop the raging ſea's impetuous courſe:
Murder and rapine ev'ry place would fill,
And ſinking Virtue ſtoop to proſp'rous Ill;
Devouring peſtilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to ſave.
Let the brave ſoldier ſpeak, who oft' has been
In dreadful ſieges, and fierce battles ſeen,
How he 's preſerv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that ſcarce one inch of air is free;

And tho' he does ten thousand see
Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.
Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor show
To what invisible protecting pow'r
He did his life and safety owe
When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,
And half a shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore.
Nay, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how
His tender infancy protection found,
And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,
If he 'll no Providence allow;
When he had nothing but his nurse's arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms;
From childhood how to youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to man;
How in the strength and vigour of his years
The feeble bark of life he saves,
Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,
From all the dangers he foresees or fears,
Yet ev'ry hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,
If Providence, which can the seas command,
Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

VII. OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men that He
Who all existence out of nothing made
Supports his creatures by immediate aid;

But then this all-intending Deity
Muſt omnipreſent be:
For how ſhall we, by demonſtration, ſhow
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he's not preſent ev'rywhere,
And always ſo?
What's not perceptible by ſenſe may be
Ten thouſand miles remote from me,
Unleſs his nature is from limitation free.
In vain we for protection pray,
For benefits receiv'd high altars raiſe,
And offer up our hymns and praiſe,
In vain his anger dread or laws obey;
An abſent God from ruin can defend
No more than can an abſent friend;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make returns,
When the loud muſic ſounds or victim burns,
Than a poor Indian ſlave of Mexico.
If ſo, 'tis equally in vain
The proſp'rous ſings and wretched mourns;
He cannot hear the praiſe or mitigate the pain.
But by what being is confin'd
The Godhead we adore?
He muſt have equal or ſuperior pow'r:
If equal only, they each other bind;
So neither's God, if we define him right,
For neither's infinite:
But if the other have ſuperior might,

Then he we worſhip can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all reſtraint, and ſo no deity.
If God is limited in ſpace, his view,
His knowledge, pow'r, and wiſdom, is ſo too;
Unleſs we 'll own that theſe perfections are
At all times preſent ev'ry where,
Yet he himſelf not actually there;
Which to ſuppoſe, that ſtrange concluſion brings,
His eſſence and his attributes are diff'rent things.

VIII. IMMUTABILITY.

As the ſupreme omniſcient Mind
Is by no boundaries confin'd,
So reaſon muſt acknowledge him to be
From poſſible mutation free;
For what he is he was from all eternity.
Change, whether the effect of force or will,
Muſt argue imperfection ſtill;
But imperfection in a deity,
That 's abſolutely perfect, cannot be.
Who can compel, without his own conſent,
A God to change that is omnipotent?
And ev'ry alteration without force
Is for the better or the worſe.
He that is infinitely wiſe
To alter for the worſe will never chuſe;
That a depravity of nature ſhews:
And he, in whom all true perfection lies,
Cannot, by change, to greater excellencies riſe.

If God be mutable, which way, or how,
Shall we demonſtrate that will pleaſe him now
Which did a thouſand years ago?
And 'tis impoſſible to know
What he forbids or what he will allow.
Murder, inchantment, luſt, and perjury,
Did in the foremoſt rank of vices ſtand,
Prohibited by an expreſs command;
But whether ſuch they ſtill remain to be
No argument will poſitively prove,
Without immediate notice from above,
If the almighty Legiſlator can
Be chang'd, like his inconſtant ſubject man,
Uncertain thus what to perform or ſhun,
We all intolerable hazards run,
When an eternal ſtake is to be loſt or won.

IX. JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye ſons of Piety! and ſing
Loud hallelujahs to his glorious name,
Who was, and will for ever be the ſame:
Your grateful incenſe to his temples bring,
That from the ſmoaking altars may ariſe
Clouds of perfumes to the imperial ſkies.
His promiſes ſtand firm to you,
And endleſs joy will be beſtow'd,
As ſure as that there is a God,
On all who virtue chuſe, and righteous paths purſue.
Nor ſhould we more his menaces diſtruſt,

For while he is a deity he muſt
(As infinitely good) be infinitely juſt.
But does it with a gracious Godhead ſuit,
Whoſe mercy is his darling attribute,
To puniſh crimes that temporary be,
And thoſe but trivial offences too,
Mere ſlips of human nature, ſmall and few,
With everlaſting miſery?
This ſhocks the mind, with deep reflections fraught,
And reaſon bends beneath the pond'rous thought.
Crimes take their eſtimate from guilt, and grow
More heinous ſtill, the more they do incenſe
That God to whom all creatures owe
Profoundeſt reverence;
Tho', as to that degree they raiſe
The anger of the merciful moſt High,
We have no ſtandard to diſcern it by
But the infliction he on the offender lays:
So that, if endleſs puniſhment on all
Our unrepented ſins muſt fall,
None, not the leaſt, can be accounted ſmall.
That God is in perfection juſt, muſt be
Allow'd by all that own a deity:
If ſo, from equity he cannot ſwerve,
Nor puniſh ſinners more than they deſerve.
His will reveal'd is both expreſs and clear:
"Ye curſed of my Father! go
"To everlaſting woe."
If everlaſting means eternal here,

Duration abſolutely without end,
Againſt which ſenſe ſome zealouſly contend,
That, when apply'd to pains, it only means
They ſhall ten thouſand ages laſt,
Ten thouſand more, perhaps, when they are paſt,
But not eternal, in a lit'ral ſenſe:
Yet own the pleaſures of the juſt remain
So long as there's a God exiſts to reign:
Tho' none can give a ſolid reaſon why
The word Eternity,
To heav'n and hell indifferently join'd,
Should carry ſenſe of a different kind;
And 'tis a ſad experiment to try.

X. GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
With greater luſtre than the reſt can ſhine
'Tis goodneſs, which we ev'ry moment ſee
The Godhead exerciſe with ſuch delight,
It ſeems, it only ſeems, to be
The beſt-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
And more than infinite:
Without that he could never prove
The proper object of our praiſe or love.
Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or ſee the guiltleſs for the guilty die,
Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.

Eternal juſtice then would be
But everlaſting cruelty;
Pow'r unreſtrain'd almighty violence,
And wiſdom unconfin'd but craft immenſe.
'Tis goodneſs conſtitutes him that he is,
And thoſe
Who will deny him this
A God without a Deity ſuppoſe.
When the lewd Atheiſt blaſphemouſly ſwears,
By his tremendous name,
There is no God, but all's a ſham,
Inſipid tattle praiſe and pray'rs,
Virtue, pretence; and all the ſacred rules
Religion teaches tricks to cully fools;
Juſtice would ſtrike th' audacious villain dead,
But mercy boundleſs ſaves his guilty head;
Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
Does not the ſinner, whom no danger awes,
Without reſtraint his infamy purſue,
Rejoice and glory in it too,
Laugh at the pow'r divine, and ridicule his laws,
Labour in vice his rivals to excel,
That when he's dead they may their pupils tell
How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?
Yet this vile wretch in ſafety lives,
Bleſſings in common with the beſt receives,
Tho' he is proud t'affront the God thoſe bleſſings gives.

The cheerful ſun his influence ſheds on all,
Has no reſpect to good or ill;
And fruitful ſhow'rs without diſtinction fall,
Which fields with corn, with graſs the paſtures, fill.
The bounteous hand of Heav'n beſtows
Succeſs and honour many times on thoſe
Who ſcorn his fav'rites and careſs his foes.

XI.

To this good God, whom my advent'rous pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty Pindar's ſtrain,
Tho' with unequal ſtrength to bear the weight
Of ſuch a pond'rous theme, ſo infinitely great;
To this good God celeſtial ſpirits pay,
With ecſtaſy divine, inceſſant praiſe,
While on the glories of his face they gaze,
In the bright regions of eternal day:
To him each rational exiſtence here,
Whoſe breaſt one ſpark of gratitude contains,
In whom there are the leaſt remains
Of piety or fear,
His tribute brings of joyful ſacrifice,
For pardon prays, and for protection flies:
Nay, the inanimate creation give,
By prompt obedience to his word,
Inſtinctive honour to their Lord,
And ſhame the thinking world who in rebellion live.

With heav'n and earth, then, O my Soul! unite,
And the great God of both adore and bleſs,
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace,
The only fountains of ſincere delight;
That from the tranſitory joys below
Thou, by a happy exit, may'ſt remove
To thoſe ineffable above
Which from the viſion of the Godhead flow,
And neither end, decreaſe, nor interruption, know.

EPISTLES.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY *.

WHERE can the wretched'ſt of all creatures fly,
To tell the ſtory of her miſery?
Where but to faithful Celia, in whoſe mind
A manly brav'ry 's with ſoft pity join'd?
I fear theſe lines will ſcarce be underſtood,
Blurr'd with inceſſant tears, and writ in blood:
But if you can the mournful pages read,
The ſad relation ſhews you ſuch a deed
As all the annals of th' infernal reign
Shall ſtrive to equal or exceed in vain.
Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,
Whoſe cruelty has caus'd a ſea of tears,
Fill'd each lamenting town with fun'ral ſighs,
Deploring widows' ſhrieks and orphans' cries.
At ev'ry health the horrid monſter quaff'd
Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd he laugh'd,
Till tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
Drunk with exceſs of blood and wine, to bed.

* This piece was occaſioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Weſtern rebellion, 1685, who debauched a young lady, with a promiſe to ſave her huſband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

Oh! curfed place!—I can no more command
My pen; fhame and confufion fhake my hand:
But I muft on, and let my Celia know
How barb'rous are my wrongs, how vaft my woe!
  Amongft the crowd of Weftern youths, who ran
To meet the brave betray'd unhappy man *,
My hufband, fatally uniting, went,
Unus'd to arms, and thoughtlefs of th' event:
But when the battle was by treach'ry won,
The chief and all but his falfe friend undone,
Tho' in the tumult of that defp'rate night
He 'fcap'd the dreadful flaughter of the fight,
Yet the fagacious blood-hounds, fkill'd too well
In all the murd'ring qualities of hell,
Each fecret place fo regularly beat,
They foon difcover'd his unfafe retreat.
As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To fure deftruction hurry them away;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's fon
With Charion to the common butch'ry run,
Where proud Neronior by his gibbet ftood,
To glut himfelf with frefh fupplies of blood.
Our friends, by pow'rful interceffion, gain'd
A fhort reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compaffion move
The favage gen'ral; but in vain they ftrove.

* The Duke of Monmouth.

When I perceiv'd that all addreſſes fail'd,
And nothing o'er his ſtubborn ſoul prevail'd,
Diſtracted almoſt, to his tent I flew,
To make the laſt effort what tears could do.
Low on my knees I fell, then thus began:
" Great genius of ſucceſs! thou more than man!
" Whoſe arms to ev'ry clime have terror hurl'd,
" And carry'd conqueſt round the trembling world;
" Still may the brighteſt glories Fame can lend,
" Your ſword, your conduct, and your cauſe, attend.
" Here now the arbiter of Fate you ſit,
" While ſuppliant ſlaves their rebel heads ſubmit.
" Oh! pity the unfortunate, and give
" But this one thing; oh! let but Charion live!
" And take the little all that we poſſeſs;
" I'll bear the meagre anguiſh of diſtreſs;
" Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread,
" Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed:
" The fall of ſuch a youth no luſtre brings [things,
" To him whoſe ſword performs ſuch wondrous
" As ſaving kingdoms and ſupporting kings.
" That triumph only with true grandeur ſhines
" Where godlike courage godlike pity joins.
" Cæſar, the eldeſt favourite of War,
" Took not more pleaſure to ſubdue than ſpare;
" And ſince in battle you can greater be,
" That over, ben't leſs merciful than he.
" Ignoble ſpirits by revenge are known,
" And cruel actions ſpoil the conqu'ror's crown,

" In future hiſt'ries fill each mournful page
" With tales of blood and monuments of rage;
" And while his annals are with horror read,
" Men curſe him living, and deteſt him dead.
" Oh! do not ſully, with a ſanguine dye,
" (The fouleſt ſtain) ſo fair a memory!
" Then, as you'll live the glory of our Iſle,
" And Fate on all your expeditions ſmile;
" So, when a noble courſe you've bravely ran,
" Die the beſt ſoldier and the happieſt man.
" None can the turns of Providence foreſee,
" Or what their own cataſtrophe may be;
" Therefore to perſons lab'ring under woe,
" That mercy they may want ſhould always ſhow:
" For in the chance of war the ſlighteſt thing
" May loſe the battle or the vict'ry bring:
" And how would you that gen'ral's honour prize,
" Should in cool blood his captive ſacrifice?
  " He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
" To juſtice forfeits his opprobrious head.
" But 'tis unhappy Charion's firſt offence,
" Seduc'd by ſome too plauſible pretence,
" To take th' inj'ring ſide by error brought;
" He had no malice, tho' he has the fault.
" Let the old tempters find a ſhameful grave,
" But the half-innocent, the tempted, ſave.
" Vengeance divine, tho' for the greateſt crime,
" But rarely ſtrikes the firſt or ſecond time;

" And he beſt follows the Almighty's will
" Who ſpares the guilty he has pow'r to kill.
" When proud rebellions would unhinge a ſtate,
" And wild diſorders in a land create,
" 'Tis requiſite the firſt promoters ſhou'd
" Put out the flames they kindled with their blood;
" But ſure 'tis a degree of murder all
" That draw their ſwords ſhould undiſtinguiſh'd fall:
" And ſince a mercy muſt to ſome be ſhown,
" Let Charion 'mongſt the happy few be one;
" For as none guilty has leſs guilt than he,
" So none for pardon has a fairer plea.
" When David's general had won the field,
" And Abſalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd,
" The trumpets ſounding made all ſlaughter ceaſe,
" And miſled Iſr'elties return'd in peace.
" The action paſt, where ſo much blood was ſpilt,
" We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt,
" But all concludes with the deſir'd event,
" The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.
" As great example your high courage warms,
" And to illuſtrious deeds excites your arms,
" So when you inſtances of mercy view,
" They ſhould inſpire you with compaſſion too;
" For he that emulates the truly brave
" Would always conquer, and ſhould always ſave."
Here, interrupting, ſtern Neronior cry'd,
(Swell'd with ſucceſs, and blubber'd up with pride)

" Madam, his life depends upon my will,
" For ev'ry rebel I can ſpare or kill.
" I'll think of what you 've ſaid : this night return
" At ten ; perhaps you 'll have no cauſe to mourn.
" Go, ſee your huſband ; bid him not deſpair ;
" His crime is great ; but you are wondrous fair."
When anxious miſeries the ſoul amaze,
And dire confuſion in the ſpirits raiſe,
Upon the leaſt appearance of relief
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief ;
Impatience makes our wiſhes earneſt grow,
Which thro' falſe optics our deliv'rance ſhow ;
For while we fancy danger does appear
Moſt at a diſtance, it is oft' too near ;
And many times, ſecure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambuſcade of woes.
Pleas'd with the falſe Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my ſorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard haſten'd, where the prey
Of this blood-thirſty fiend in durance lay.
When Charion ſaw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerneſs he rais'd his drooping head :
" Oh ! fly, my Dear ! this guilty place," he cry'd,
" And in ſome diſtant clime thy virtue hide :
" Here nothing but the fouleſt demons dwell,
" The refuſe of the damn'd, and mob of hell :
" The air they breathe is ev'ry atom curſt ;
" There's no degree of ills, for all are worſt :

" In rapes and murders they alone delight,
" And villanies of less importance slight;
" Act 'em indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd,
" For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.
" Neronior's chief of this infernal crew
" And seems to merit that high station too;
" Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,
" By Asmodai and Moloc both possest.
" When told you went to intercede for me,
" It threw my soul into an agony:
" Not that I would not for my freedom give
" What's requisite, or do not wish to live;
" But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
" Or buy a few short years with long disgrace:
" Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
" For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
" With ignominy to preserve my breath
" Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
" But if I can't my life with honour save,
" With honour I'll descend into the grave:
" For tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,
" (As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
" Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,
" I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.
" But what is death we so unwisely fear?
" An end of all our busy tumults here;
" The equal lot of Poverty and State,
" Which all partake of by a certain fate.

“ Whoe'er the proſpect of mankind ſurveys
“ At diverſe ages, and by diverſe ways,
“ Will find them from this noiſy ſcene retire;
“ Some the firſt minute that they breathe expire;
“ Others, perhaps, ſurvive to talk and go,
“ But die before they good or evil know.
“ Here one to puberty arrives, and then
“ Returns lamented to the duſt again;
“ Another there maintains a longer ſtrife
“ With all the pow'rful enemies of life,
“ Till, with vexation tir'd, and threeſcore years,
“ He drops into the dark, and diſappears.
“ I' m young, indeed, and might expect to ſee
“ Times future long, and late poſterity;
“ 'Tis what with reaſon I could wiſh to do,
“ If to be old were to be happy too:
“ But ſince ſubſtantial grief ſo ſoon deſtroys
“ The guſt of all imaginary joys,
“ Who would be too importunate to live,
“ Or more for life than it can merit give?
  “ Beyond the grave ſtupendous regions lie,
“ The boundleſs realms of vaſt eternity!
“ Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell,
“ But who their government or laws can tell?
“ What 's their employment till the final doom,
“ And time 's eternal period ſhall come?
“ Thus much the ſacred Oracles declare,
“ That all are bleſs'd or miſerable there;

"Tho' if there's fuch variety of fate,
"None good expire too foon, nor bad too late.
"For my own part, with refignation ftill
"I can fubmit to my Creator's will;
"Let him recall the breath from him I drew
"When he thinks fit, and when he pleafes too.
"The way of dying is my leaft concern;
"That will give no difturbance to my urn.
"If to the feats of happinefs I go,
"There end all poffible returns of woe;
"And when to thofe blefs'd manfions I arrive,
"With pity I'll behold thofe that furvive.
"Once more I beg you'd from thefe tents retreat,
"And leave me to my innocence and fate."
"Charion," faid I, "oh! do not urge my flight!
"I'll fee th' event of this important night;
"Some ftrange prefages in my foul forebode
"The worft of mis'ries or the greateft good.
"Few hours will fhew the utmoft of my doom,
"A joyful fafety, or a peaceful tomb.
"If you mifcarry I'm refov'd to try
"If gracious Heav'n will fuffer me to die;
"For when you are to endlefs raptures gone,
"If I furvive 'tis but to be undone.
"Who will fupport an injur'd widow's right,
"From fly Injuftice or oppreffive Might?
"Protect her perfon, or her caufe defend?
"She rarely wants a foe or finds a friend.

"I've no diſtruſt of Providence; but ſtill
"'Tis beſt to go beyond the reach of ill;
"And thoſe can have no reaſon to repent,
"Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
"But to a world of everlaſting bliſs
"Why would you go and leave me here in this?
"'Tis a dark paſſage; but our foes ſhall view
"I'll die as calm, tho' not ſo brave, as you,
"That my behaviour to the laſt may prove
"Your courage is not greater than my love."
The hour approach'd: as to Neronior's tent,
With trembling but impatient ſteps I went,
A thouſand horrors throng'd into my breaſt,
By ſad ideas and ſtrong fears poſſeſt:
Where'er I paſs'd the glaring lights would ſhow
Freſh objects of deſpair, and ſcenes of woe.
  Here, in a crowd of drunken ſoldiers, ſtood
A wretched, poor, old man, beſmear'd with blood,
And at his feet, juſt thro' the body run,
Struggling for life, was laid his only ſon,
By whoſe hard labour he was daily fed,
Dividing ſtill, with pious care, his bread;
And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
The ſole ſupport of his decrepit years,
The barb'rous mob, whoſe rage no limit knows,
With blaſphemous deriſion mock'd his woes.
  There, under a wide oak, diſconſolate,
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow ſate;

High in the boughs the murder'd father hung;
Beneath the children round the mother clung:
They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief,
For all they had to live upon was grief.
A ſorrow ſo intenſe, ſuch deep deſpair,
No creature merely human long could bear.
Firſt in her arms her weeping babes ſhe took,
And with a groan did to her huſband look,
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, ſighing, cry'd,
"Pity me, Saviour of the world!" and dy'd.

  From this ſad ſpectacle my eyes I turn'd,
Where ſons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd;
Friends for their friends, ſiſters for brothers, wept;
Pris'ners of war in chains for ſlaughter kept:
Each ev'ry hour did the black meſſage dread
Which ſhould declare the perſon lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal ſhouts of mirth,
A comely youth, and of no common birth,
To execution led, who hardly bore
The wounds in battle he receiv'd before;
And as he paſs'd I heard him bravely cry,
"I neither wiſh to live nor fear to die."

  At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay
They did me to the general convey,
Who thus began —— ——
"Madam, by freſh intelligence I find
"That Charion's treaſon 's of the blackeſt kind,

" And my commiſſion is expreſs, to ſpare
" None that ſo deeply in rebellion are.
" New meaſures therefore 'tis in vain to try;
" No pardon can be granted; he muſt die:
" Muſt, or I hazard all; which yet I'd do
" To be oblig'd in one requeſt by you;
" And, maugre all the dangers I foreſee,
" Be mine this night, I'll ſet your huſband free.
" Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope ſucceſs
" By ſupple flatt'ry and by ſoft addreſs:
" The pert gay coxcomb by theſe little arts
" Gains an aſcendant o'er the ladies' hearts;
" But I can no ſuch whining methods uſe:
" Conſent he lives; he dies if you refuſe."
Amaz'd at this demand; ſaid I, " The brave
" Upon ignoble terms diſdain to ſave;
" They let their captives ſtill with honour live,
" No more require than what themſelves would give:
" For gen'rous victors, as they ſcorn to do
" Diſhoneſt things, ſcorn to propoſe 'em too.
" Mercy, the brighteſt virtue of the mind,
" Should with no devious appetite be join'd;
" For if, when exercis'd, a crime it coſt,
" Th' intrinſic luſtre of the deed is loſt.
" Great men their actions of a piece ſhould have,
" Heroic all, and each entirely brave:
" From the nice rules of honour none ſhould ſwerve,
" Done becauſe good, without a mean reſerve.

"The crimes new charg'd upon th' unhappy youth
"May have revenge and malice, but no truth.
"Suppoſe the accuſation juſtly brought,
"And clearly prov'd to the minuteſt thought,
"Yet mercies next to infinite abate
"Offences next to infinitely great;
"And 'tis the glory of a noble mind
"In full forgiveneſs not to be confin'd.
"Your prince's frowns if you have cauſe to fear,
"This act will more illuſtrious appear,
"Tho' his excuſe can never be withſtood,
"Who diſobeys but only to be good.
"Perhaps the hazard 's more than you expreſs;
"The glory would be were the danger leſs:
"For he that, to his prejudice, will do
"A noble action and a gen'rous too,
"Deſerves to wear a more reſplendent crown
"Than he that has a thouſand battles won.
"Do not invert divine compaſſion ſo
"As to be cruel, and no mercy ſhow.
"Of what renown can ſuch an action be,
"Which ſaves my huſband's life but ruins me?
"Tho', if you finally reſolve to ſtand
"Upon ſo vile, inglorious a demand,
"He muſt ſubmit; if 'tis my fate to mourn
"His death, I'll bathe with virt'ous tears his urn."
"Well, Madam," haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
"Your courage and your virtue ſhall be try'd;

"But to prevent all profpect of a flight,
"Some of my Lambs * fhall be your guard to-night:
"By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;
"They feldom afk a favour that's refus'd:
"Perhaps you'll find them fo genteelly bred,
"They'll leave you but few virt'ous tears to fhed.
"Surrounded with fo innocent a throng,
"The night muft pafs delightfully along;
"And in the morning, fince you will not give
"What I require, to let your hufband live,
"You fhall behold him figh his lateft breath,
"And gently fwing into the arms of Death.
"His fate he merits, as to rebels due,
"And your's will be as much deferv'd by you."
  Oh! Celia, think, fo far as thought can fhow
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
At this dire refolution, feiz'd my breaft,
By all things fad and terrible poffeft!
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my pray'rs were to a tiger made;
A tiger! worfe; for 'tis beyond difpute
No fiend's fo cruel as a reas'ning brute.
Encompafs'd thus, and hopelefs of relief,
With all the fquadrons of defpair and grief,
Ruin —— it was not poffible to fhun:
What could I do? oh! what would you have done?

* Kirke ufed to call the moft inhuman of his foldiers his Lambs.

The hours that paſs'd till the black morn return'd
With tears of blood ſhould be for ever mourn'd;
When, to involve me with conſummate grief,
Beyond expreſſion, and above belief,
" Madam," the monſter cry'd, " that you may find
" I can be grateful to the fair that 's kind,
" Step to the door, I'll ſhew you ſuch a ſight
" Shall overwhelm your ſpirits with delight.
" Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,
" Become the gibbet, and adorn the ſtring?
" You need not now an injur'd huſband dread;
" Living he might, he 'll not upbraid you dead.
" 'Twas for your ſake I ſeiz'd upon his life;
" He would, perhaps, have ſcorn'd ſo chaſte a wife.
" And, Madam, you 'll excuſe the zeal I ſhow
" To keep that ſecret none alive ſhould know."
" Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
" The devils," ſaid I, " are dull in cruelty.
" Oh! may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
" And, waſteleſs, their eternal hunger feed;
" In fires too hot for ſalamanders dwell,
" The burning earneſt of a hotter hell!
" May that vile lump of execrable luſt
" Corrupt alive, and rot into the duſt!
" May'ſt thou, deſpairing, at the point of death,
" With oaths and blaſphemies reſign thy breath;
" And the worſt torments that the damn'd ſhould
" In thine own perſon all united bear!" [ſhare

Oh! Celia! oh! my Friend! what age can ſhow
Sorrows like mine, ſo exquiſite a woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Becauſe it can't be everlaſting here;
But 'tis ſo vaſt that it can ne'er increaſe,
And ſo confirm'd it never can be leſs.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CELADON.

All men have follies, which they blindly trace
Thro' the dark turnings of a dubious maze;
But happy those who, by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.
The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free
From the same failure you condemn in me;
They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said:
Love triumph'd o'er those dull pedantic rules
They had collected from the wrangling schools,
And made 'em to his noble sway submit,
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit;
Their grave starch'd morals then unuseful prov'd;
These dusty characters he soon remov'd;
For when his shining squadrons came in view,
Their boasted reason murmur'd and withdrew,
Unable to oppose their mighty force
With flegmatic resolves and dry discourse.
If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard,
My faults you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid censor than a friend.
Love is the monarch passion of the mind,
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,

But triumphs ſtill, impatient of control,
O'er all the proud endowments of the ſoul.
  You own'd my Delia, Friend! divinely fair,
When in the bud her native beauties were;
Your praiſe did then her early charms confeſs;
Yet you'd perſuade me to adore her leſs.
You but the nonage of her beauty ſaw,
But might from thence ſublime ideas draw,
And what ſhe is by what ſhe was conclude,
For now ſhe governs thoſe ſhe then ſubdu'd.
  Her aſpect noble and mature is grown,
And ev'ry charm in its full vigour known;
There we may wond'ring view, diſtinctly writ,
The lines of goodneſs and the marks of wit;
Each feature, emulous of pleaſing moſt,
Does juſtly ſome peculiar ſweetneſs boaſt;
And her compoſure's of ſo fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend nor Envy blame.
  When the immortal beauties of the ſkies
Contended naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' ſhare
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there,
In whom alone we all their graces find.
The moving gaiety of Venus join'd
With Juno's aſpect and Minerva's mind.
  View but thoſe nymphs whom other ſwains adore,
You'll value charming Delia ſtill the more.

Dorinda's mien 's majeſtic, but her mind
Is to revenge and peeviſhneſs inclin'd;
Myrtylla 's fair, and yet Myrtylla 's proud;
Chloe has wit, but noiſy, vain, and loud;
Melania dotes upon the ſillieſt things,
And yet Melania like an angel ſings:
But in my Delia all endowments meet,
All that is juſt, agreeable, or ſweet;
All that can praiſe and admiration move;
All that the wiſeſt and the braveſt love.
In all diſcourſe ſhe 's appoſite and gay,
And ne'er wants ſomething pertinent to ſay;
For if the ſubject 's of a ſerious kind,
Her thoughts are manly, and her ſenſe refin'd;
But if divertive, her expreſſions fit,
Good language join'd with inoffenſive wit;
So cautious always, that ſhe ne'er affords
An idle thought the charity of words.
The vices common to her ſex can find
No room ev'n in the ſuburbs of her mind;
Concluding wiſely ſhe 's in danger ſtill
From the mere neighb'rhood of induſtrious Ill;
Therefore at diſtance keeps the ſubtle foe,
Whoſe near approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary virgin is undone,
And meets the mis'ry which ſhe ought to ſhun.
Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay,
But lets true judgment and right reaſon ſway;

Modeftly bold, and quick to apprehend,
Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.
Her darts are keen, but levell'd with fuch care,
They ne'er fall fhort, and feldom fly too far;
For when fhe rallies 'tis with fo much art,
We blufh with pleafure, and with rapture fmart.
O, Celadon! you would my flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk, and talk of love;
That tender paffion to her fancy brings
The prettieft notions and the fofteft things,
Which are by her fo movingly expreft,
They fill with ecftafy my throbbing breaft:
'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
Their native glories, unimprov'd by art:
By what fhe fays I meafure things above,
And guefs the language of feraphic love.
To the cool bofom of a peaceful fhade,
By fome wild beech or lofty poplar made,
When ev'ning comes, we fecretly repair
To breathe in private, and unbend our care;
And while our flocks in fruitful paftures feed,
Some well-defign'd inftructive poem read,
Where ufeful morals, with foft numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the mind,
Which are by her to more perfection brought,
By wife remarks upon the poet's thought.
So well fhe knows the ftamp of eloquence,
The empty found of words from folid fenfe,

The florid fuſtian of a rhyming ſpark,
Whoſe random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and paſs
For ſtandard gold, when 'tis but gilded braſs.
Oft' in the walks of an adjacent grove,
Where firſt we mutually engag'd to love,
She, ſmiling, aſk'd me, " Whether I'd prefer
" An humble cottage on the plains with her,
" Before the pompous buildings of the great,
" And find content in that inferior ſtate?"
Said I, " The queſtion you propoſe to me
" Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
" Were the degrees of my affection leſs
" Than burning martyrs to the gods expreſs.
" In you I've all I can deſire below,
" That earth can give me, or the gods beſtow;
" And, bleſs'd with you, I know not where to find
" A ſecond choice; you take up all my mind.
" I'd not forſake that dear delightful plain,
" Where charming Delia! Love and Delia reign,
" For all the ſplendour that a court can give,
" Where gaudy fools and buſy ſtateſmen live.
" Tho' youthful Paris, when his birth was known,
" (Too fatally related to a throne)
" Forſook Oenone and his rural ſports,
" For dang'rous greatneſs and tumult'ous courts,
" Yet Fate ſhould ſtill offer its power in vain,
" For what is pow'r to ſuch an humble ſwain?

"I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
"Tho' half the globe ſhould be aſſign'd my ſhare."
And would you have me, Friend! reflect again,
Become the baſeſt and the worſt of men?
O, do not urge me, Celadon! forbear;
I cannot leave her; ſhe's too charming fair!
Should I your counſel in this caſe purſue,
You might ſuſpect me for a villain too;
For ſure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
Juſt to his friend who's faithleſs to his love.

AN EPISTLE TO DELIA.

As thoſe who hope hereafter heav'n to ſhare,
A rig'rous exile here can calmly bear,
And with collected ſpirits undergo
The ſad variety of pain below,
Yet with intenſe reflections antedate
The mighty raptures of a future ſtate,
While the bright proſpect of approaching joy
Creates a bliſs no trouble can deſtroy;
So tho' I'm toſs'd by giddy Fortune's hand
Ev'n to the confines of my native land,
Where I can hear the ſtormy ocean roar,
And break its waves upon the foaming ſhore;
Tho' from my Delia baniſh'd, all that's dear,
That's good, or beautiful, or charming, here,
Yet flatt'ring hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;
That the dark treaſury of time contains
A glorious day will finiſh all my pains;
And while I contemplate on joys to come,
My griefs are ſilent and my ſorrows dumb.
Believe me, Nymph! believe me, charming Fair!
(When truth's conſpicuous we need not ſwear;
Oaths would ſuppoſe a diffidence in you
That I am falſe, my flame fictitious too)
Were I condemn'd, by Fate's imperial pow'r,
Ne'er to return to your embraces more,

I'd ſcorn whate'er the buſy world could give;
'Twould be the worſt of miſeries to live;
For all my wiſhes and deſires purſue,
All I admire or covet here, is you.
Were I poſſeſs'd of your ſurpriſing charms,
And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms,
Then would my joys aſcend to that degree,
Could angels envy, they would envy me.
Oft', as I wander in a ſilent ſhade,
When bold vexations would my ſoul invade,
I baniſh the rough thought, and none purſue
But what inclines my willing mind to you:
The ſoft reflections on your ſacred love,
Like ſov'reign antidotes, all cares remove;
Compoſing ev'ry faculty to reſt,
They leave a grateful flavour in my breaſt.
Retir'd ſometimes into a lonely grove,
I think o'er all the ſtories of our love.
What mighty pleaſure have I oft' poſſeſt,
When, in a maſculine embrace, I preſt
The lovely Delia to my heaving breaſt!
Then I remember, and with vaſt delight,
The kind expreſſions of the parting night:
Methought the ſun too quick return'd again,
And day ſeem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
Strong and contracted was our eager bliſs;
An age of pleaſure in each gen'rous kiſs:

Years of delight in moments we compriz'd,
And heav'n itſelf was there epitomiz'd.
But when the glories of the eaſtern light
O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night,
" Farewell, my Delia! O, farewell!" ſaid I,
" The utmoſt period of my time is nigh;
" Too cruel Fate forbids my longer ſtay,
" And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.
" But tho' I muſt my native plains forego,
" Forſake theſe fields, forſake my Delia too,
" No change of fortune ſhall for ever move
" The ſettled baſe of my immortal love."
" And muſt my Strephon, muſt my faithful ſwain,
" Be forc'd," you cry'd, " to a remoter plain!
" The darling of my ſoul ſo ſoon remov'd!
" The only valu'd, and the beſt belov'd!
" Tho' other ſwains to me themſelves addreſt,
" Strephon was ſtill diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
" Flat and inſipid all their courtſhip ſeem'd;
" Little themſelves, their paſſions leſs, eſteem'd;
" For my averſion with their flames increas'd,
" And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
" Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind ſhepherd's ſight,
" Joy of the day, and bleſſing of the night,
" Yet will you, Strephon! will you love me ſtill?
" However flatter me, and ſay you will;
" For ſhould you entertain a rival love,
" Should you unkind to me or faithleſs prove,

"No mortal e'er could half fo wretched be,
"For fure no mortal ever lov'd like me."
"Your beauty, Nymph!" faid I, "my faith fecures;
"Thofe you once conquer muft be always your's;
"For hearts fubdu'd by your victorious eyes
"No force can ftorm, no ftratagem furprife:
"Nor can I of captivity complain,
"While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
"The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
"Might fear, at leaft, he would defpife her charms,
"But I can never fuch a monfter prove,
"To flight the bleffings of my Delia's love.
"Would thofe who at celeftial tables fit,
"Blefs'd with immortal wine, immortal wit,
"Chufe to defcend to fome inferior board,
"Which nought but ftum and nonfenfe can afford?
"Nor can I e'er to thofe gay nymphs addrefs,
"Whofe pride is greater and whofe charms are lefs;
"Their tinfel beauty may, perhaps, fubdue
"A gaudy coxcomb or a fulfome beau,
"But feem at beft indifferent to me,
"Who none but you with admiration fee.
"Now would the rolling orbs obey my will,
"I'd make the fun a fecond time ftand ftill,
"And to the lower world their light repay,
"When conqu'ring Jofhua robb'd 'em of a day;
"Tho' our two fouls would diff'rent paffions prove,
"His was a thirft of glory, mine of love.

"It will not be; the ſun makes haſte to riſe,
"And take poſſeſſion of the eaſtern ſkies;
"Yet one more kiſs, tho' millions are too few,
"And, Delia! ſince we muſt, muſt part, adieu."
As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driv'n
From Eden's groves the vicinage of heav'n,
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harſh impreſſions of a ruder air,
With mighty ſorrow and with weeping eyes
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loſs of Paradiſe;
With a concern like his did I review
My native plains, my charming Delia too;
For I left Paradiſe in leaving you.
If, as I walk, a pleaſant ſhade I find,
It brings your fair idea to my mind:
Such was the happy place, I, ſighing, ſay,
Where I and Delia, lovely Delia! lay,
When firſt I did my tender thoughts impart,
And made a grateful preſent of my heart:
Or if my friend in his apartment ſhows
Some piece of Vandyke's or of Angelo's,
In which the artiſt has, with wondrous care,
Deſcrib'd the face of one exceeding fair,
Tho' at firſt ſight it may my paſſion raiſe,
And ev'ry feature I admire and praiſe,
Yet ſtill methinks, upon a ſecond view,
'Tis not ſo beautiful, ſo fair, as you.

If I converse with thofe whom moft admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious, wit,
They want fome amiable moving grace,
Some turn of fancy, that my Delia has;
For ten good thoughts amongft the crowd they vent,
Methinks ten thoufand are impertinent.
  Let other fhepherds that are prone to range,
With each caprice their giddy humours change;
They from variety lefs joys receive
Than you alone are capable to give:
Nor will I envy thofe ill-judging fwains
(What they enjoy's the refufe of the plains)
If, for my fhare of happinefs below,
Kind Heav'n upon me Delia would beftow;
Whatever bleffings it can give befide
Let all mankind among themfelves divide.

TO HIS FRIEND

UNDER AFFLICTION.

None lives in this tumultuous ſtate of things,
Where ev'ry morning ſome new trouble brings,
But bold inquietudes will break his reſt,
And gloomy thoughts diſturb his anxious breaſt.
Angelic forms and happy ſpirits are
Above the malice of perplexing care;
But that 's a bleſſing too ſublime, too high
For thoſe who bend beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain and ſenſible of ſmart,
And but one paſſion could torment the mind,
That part, that paſſion, buſy Fate would find:
But ſince infirmities in both abound,
Since ſorrow both ſo many ways can wound,
'Tis not ſo great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.
The happieſt man that ever breath'd on earth,
With all the glories of eſtate and birth,
Had yet ſome anxious care, to make him know
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
To be from all things that diſquiet free
Is not conſiſtent with humanity.
Youth, wit, and beauty, are ſuch charming things,
O'er which if Affluence ſpreads her gaudy wings,

We think the perfon who enjoys fo much
No care can move, and no affliction touch:
Yet could we but fome fecret method find
To view the dark receffes of the mind,
We there might fee the hidden feed of ftrife,
And woes in embryo rip'ning into life;
How fome fierce luft or boift'rous paffion fills
The lab'ring fpirit with prolific ills;
Pride, envy, or revenge, diftract the foul,
And all right reafon's godlike pow'rs control:
But if fhe muft not be allow'd to fway,
Tho' all without appears ferene and gay,
A cank'rous venom on the vitals preys,
And poifons all the comforts of his days.
External pomp and vifible fuccefs
Sometimes contribute to our happinefs;
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good confcience and a foul refign'd:
Then to whatever end affliction 's fent,
To try our virtues, or for punifhment,
We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous woe,
And ftill adore the hand that gives the blow;
For in misfortune this advantage lies,
They make us humble and they make us wife;
And he that can acquire fuch virtues, gains
An ample recompenfe for all his pains.
Too foft careffes of a profp'rous fate
The pious fervours of the foul abate,

Tempt to luxurious eaſe our careleſs days,
And gloomy vapours round the ſpirits raiſe:
Thus lull'd into a ſleep, we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in ſecurity,
Unleſs ſome ſorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' inchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our ſight,
In blackeſt days ſome glimmerings of light,
So in the moſt dejected hours we may
The ſecret pleaſure have to weep and pray;
And thoſe requeſts the ſpeedieſt paſſage find
To Heav'n which flow from an afflicted mind;
And while to him we open our diſtreſs,
Our pains grow lighter and our ſorrows leſs.
The fineſt muſic of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe,
And while her grief's in charming notes expreſt,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breaſt;
In warbling melody ſhe ſpends the night,
And moves at once compaſſion and delight.
No choice had e'er ſo happy an event
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak's our judgment, and ſo ſhort's our ſight,
We cannot level our own wiſhes right;
And if ſometimes we make a wiſe advance,
T' ourſelves we little owe, but much to chance:
So that when Providence, for ſecret ends,
Corroding cares or ſharp affliction ſends,

We muſt conclude it beſt it ſhould be ſo,
And not deſponding or impatient grow:
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundleſs wiſdom and eternal love,
To place it on himſelf or human aid,
Will meet thoſe woes he labours to evade:
But in the keeneſt agonies of grief
Content's a cordial that ſtill gives relief.
Heav'n is not always angry when he ſtrikes,
But moſt chaſtiſes thoſe whom moſt he likes,
And if with humble ſpirits they complain,
Relieves the anguiſh, or rewards the pain.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND

UNDER AFFLICTION.

Since the firſt man by diſobedience fell
An eaſy conqueſt to the pow'rs of hell,
There's none in ev'ry ſtage of life can be
From the inſults of bold Affliction free.
If a ſhort reſpite gives us ſome relief,
And interrupts the ſeries of our grief,
So quick the pangs of miſery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.
Reaſon refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By wiſe philoſophy and ſerious thought,

Supports the ſoul beneath the pond'rous weight
Of angry ſtars and unpropitious Fate.
Then is the time ſhe ſhould exert her pow'r,
And make us practice what ſhe taught before;
For why are ſuch volum'nous authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By ſage reſults and well-digeſted ſenſe,
That when the ſtorm of miſery appears,
With all its real or fantaſtic fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or ſtem the tide before it ſwells too high?
  But tho' the theory of wiſdom 's known
With eaſe, what ſhould and what ſhould not be done,
Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be in more than words and notion wiſe.
The ſacred truth of ſound philoſophy
We ſtudy early, but we late apply.
When ſtubborn anguiſh ſeizes on the ſoul,
Right reaſon would its haughty rage control;
But if it may n't be ſuffer'd, to endure
The pain is juſt when we reject the cure:
For many men, cloſe obſervation finds,
Of copious learning and exalted minds,
ho tremble at the ſight of daring woes,
ſtoop ignobly to the vileſt foes,
hey underſtoood not how to be
r brave but in felicity;

And by ſome action ſervile or unjuſt,
Lay all their former glories in the duſt.
For wiſdom firſt the wretched mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his enemies;
So that, when moſt his prudence ſhould be ſhown,
The moſt imprudent giddy things are done:
For when the mind 's ſurrounded with diſtreſs,
Fear or inconſtancy the judgment preſs,
And render it incapable to make
Wiſe reſolutions, or good counſels take.
Yet there's a ſteadineſs of ſoul and thought,
By Reaſon bred, and by Religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidſt the ſtormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.
In ſharp misfortunes ſome will ſearch too deep
What Heav'n prohibits and would ſecret keep;
But thoſe events 'tis better not to know
Which, known, ſerve only to increaſe our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dang'rous to purſue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too:
For had our earlieſt parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preſerv'd
Their joys entire, for then they had not ſwerv'd;
But they imagin'd (their deſires were ſuch)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er ſince by folly moſt to wiſdom riſe,
And few are but by ſad experience wiſe.

Conſider, Friend! who all your bleſſings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have,
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left.
Conſider, too, how many thouſands are
Under the worſt of miſeries, deſpair,
And don't repine at what you now endure;
Cuſtom will give you eaſe, or time will cure.
Once more; conſider that the preſent ill,
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater ſtill;
And be not anxious; for to undergo
One grief is nothing to a num'rous woe.
But ſince it is impoſſible to be
Human and not expos'd to miſery,
Bear it, my Friend! as bravely as you can;
You are not more and be not leſs than man!
Afflictions paſt can no exiſtence find
But in the wild ideas of the mind;
And why ſhould we for thoſe misfortunes mourn
Which have been ſuffer'd, and can ne'er return?
Thoſe that have weather'd a tempeſtuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unleſs their reaſon they diſown,
Still make thoſe dangers preſent that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can ſee;
It may be joy; ſuppoſe it miſery:
'Tis future ſtill; and that which is not here
never come, or we may never bear:

Therefore the
To view, in rea
But if we may the
He's always happy

TO HI

INCLINED

I WOULD not have you, Strep
From too exalted or too mean
For in both these we may expec
A creeping spirit or a haughty m
Who moves within the middle reg
The least disquiets and the smallest
Let her extraction with true lustre f
If something brighter, not too bright
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior nor above her state.
Let her have wit, but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry;
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dang'rous as too much.
But, chiefly, let her humour close with thine,
Unless where your's does to a fault incline;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulph'rous blasts, the very buds of joys.

thine,
n decline.
thy ſight
s gather'd right.
may be the leſs:
xceſs;
r lives delightful prove
and love.

A PAINTER

O DORINDA'S PICTURE.

utmoſt of thy judgment ſhow;
itian and great Angelo;
livelineſs of thought expreſs
The moving features of Dorinda's face:
Thou canſt not flatter where ſuch beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours and thy art excels.
Others, leſs fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces which ſparing Nature never gave;
But in Dorinda's aſpect thou wilt ſee
Such as will poſe thy famous art and thee:
So great, ſo many, in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and ſo wondrous bright,

No human ſkill can ere expreſs 'em all,
But muſt do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel ſits
  Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity,
And juſtly may, perhaps, when ſhe withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deſerve applauſe;
But when compar'd, you 'll be oblig'd to own
No art can equal what's by Nature done.
Great Lely's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the perſon drew:
He took the beſt that Nature could impart,
And made it better by his pow'rful art:
But had he ſeen that bright ſurpriſing grace
Which ſpreads itſelf o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the eſſays of his ſkill;
She muſt have been confeſs'd the faireſt ſtill.
  Heav'n in a landſcape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can ſhine,
But ſtill the real glories of that place
All art by infinite degrees ſurpaſs.

TO THE PAINTER

AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER! thou haſt perform'd what man can do;
Only Dorinda's ſelf more charms can ſhow.
Bold are thy ſtrokes, and delicate each touch;
But ſtill the beauties of her face are ſuch
As cannot juſtly be deſcrib'd, tho' all
Confeſs 'tis like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmoſt Nature or that Art can do;
Each is a maſterpiece, deſign'd ſo well,
That future times may ſtrive to parallel,
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

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